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THE BALLOT AND THE LIBERALS.

THE Reign of Terror has begun in the counties. The doctrine of the right divine of landlords over their tenants' votes has broken out with fresh fury. "May I not do as I like with my own?" is the cry of "A Buckinghamshire Landlord," whose letter we print in another part of our paper. With a frankness, which might be characterized by another name, "A Buckinghamshire Landlord" declares that he is the keeper of his tenants' consciences. In a high-handed style, which might befit a Southern slave-breeder, he declares his right to dictate their opinions. His notions of political liberty are so refined that he would make every one under him vote as he does. He not only owns the land, but wants to own the people. His idea of religious toleration is that his tenants shall be of the same creed as himself. In short, difference of opinion from himself is the one thing which "A Buckinghamshire Landlord" will not permit on his estate. These amiable sentiments cannot be considered as exactly new; they have simply formed the basis of every political and religious persecution which has afflicted mankind since the world began. When carried out on a large scale they have dethroned kings, and ruined mighty states. "A Buckinghamshire Landlord," however, reads all history backwards, as witches say their prayers, to give them greater efficacy.

As to the alternative which our correspondent offers us—of his enjoying so many votes in proportion to the rateable annual value of his property—we refrain from making any remarks, partly because it would take up too much space, and partly because all statesmen are agreed in its condemnation. We will merely add that his proposition was embodied in principle in Mr. Disraeli's famous Resolutions, and was equally scouted both in and out of the House. Further, we refuse to be led off into a discussion upon a matter which is about as likely to take place as Dr. Cumming's millennium. "Quæ supra nos nihil ad nos." We shall content ourselves with examining what is actually taking place, and the one thing which is of importance—the practical bearing of "A Buckinghamshire Landlord's" letter. And to do his letter justice, it is eminently practical. He solves the whole question of Representative Government by a single word: Intimidation is his remedy. By intimidation he would redress the balance of parties, by giving all the power to one. He would make order by creating chaos. Our correspondent, however, as he is strong, so he is merciful. He would not, we are happy to learn, treat his tenants with "actual violence;" that is, we suppose, knock them down and tie their legs together, and in this way carry them to the hustings, if they refused to vote according to his orders. Such a process, he

remarks, "would be ungentlemanly," and also, we may add, expensive. Nor would he use threats; for, as he states with unconscious sarcasm, "that would be unnecessary." His plan is much shorter, and may be recommended to all squires and landlords for its extreme simplicity. He would at once "remove" the refractory tenant. In short, "A Buckinghamshire Landlord" would simply strike at life itself, by taking away the means by which men live.

No one can complain of ambiguous terms in "A Buckinghamshire Landlord's" letter. He puts forward his system of odious tyranny with no circumlocution of language or diplomatic delicacy of phrase. He displays before us the doctrine of brute force in all its naked ugliness. Eviction is his cure for liberty of conscience. We do not deny the force of his remedy. Dead men tell no tales; and evicted tenants cannot vote. If, however, a man is not ashamed of putting forward such a tyrannical doctrine, and advocating its indiscriminate use by all parties alike, whether Tory or Radical, no words of reproof can make him so. To point out to a man like "A Buckinghamshire Landlord" that politics are not concerned with class interests, but with humanity,—that personal representation and not class legislation is the aim of Reform,—would be to pay him too great a compliment, for he is evidently without the means of comprehension. He is wrapped up in that short-sighted selfishness which a few years since demanded that the whole nation should starve rather than the landlord should receive a farthing less of his rent,—in that policy which can never be brought to see that the interests of employer and employed are identical, which can never be brought to understand that dictating to your tenants how they shall vote will make them, not good citizens, but hypocrites. "A Buckinghamshire Landlord," however, does not stand alone in his opinions. He represents a growing class, which is already adorned by such names as the Duke of Marlborough, Mr. Drax, and Mr. Warburton of Arley, whose acts have lately filled the daily papers. The class has now fully accepted the doctrine of Intimidation. Each week reveals some fresh case of tyranny. The Church is not lagging behind in the race of evil. Clergymen, instead of preaching the Gospel of Peace to their flocks, are now threatening them with the terrors of eviction. Strong measures, however, produce strong reactions. A war of classes seems just on the point of breaking out. The landlords are governing by terror; and men in all ages hate those whom they fear. Such acts of tyranny as the daily papers have for the last month been chronicling will explain why all of a sudden the ballot is being demanded by the people, and advocated on the platform. It is felt that the ballot is the only weapon by which we can at present fight such intimidation. For the last ten years the ballot has not been advocated by the leading Liberal states-

men. The reason is not far to seek. It was hoped that electors were strong enough to walk alone. We have been all of us congratulating ourselves upon the progress of liberality in matters of opinion. The new Reform Bill has cruelly disappointed these hopes. It was specially framed to catch a class of voters who should be amenable to the power of landlordism; and the power of landlordism has now broken forth in all its fury. Against, therefore, this tyranny, especially such as is advocated by "A Buckinghamshire Landlord," we must set up the ballot. It is of no purpose to frighten us with the cry that the ballot is un-English. We must at once set to work and make it English. That is the immediate duty of all Liberals. The question of the ballot, however, is not to be decided by an epithet. The ballot must stand upon its own merits. Now, the one object of politics as of ethics is to enfranchise the man, and to give him scope for his individual opinion. But the unfortunate elector at this moment is not merely assailed by intimidation in the counties, but tempted by bribery in the boroughs. If the British elector in the counties were willing to become a martyr, he might be able, in spite of "A Buckinghamshire Landlord," to return his own member. As it is, however, he is generally the father of a family; and we do not require Talleyrand to inform us to what sacrifices of opinion a father of a family will submit rather than undergo our correspondent's process of eviction. If, too, the elector in a borough was a perfect being, or even only Andrew Marvel, he would doubtless be superior to the temptation of a five or a ten pound note. But he also is generally a father of a family, and, as far as means go, is in a worse position than his brother elector for the county. We must legislate, not for angels, but for men; and not for men as they should be, but as they are.

It is because the ballot will in a great measure do away with these two gigantic evils, intimidation and bribery, which sap all the foundations of political honesty both in the elector and member, that we advocate its adoption. The towns have borrowed from the Church the maxim "No penny, no Pater-noster; no bribe, no benefice." In the counties, the landlords have taken the simpler and more efficacious motto, "Might is right." We therefore again repeat that it is the duty of all true Liberals to come forward at the present crisis in support of the ballot. It is quite beside the question to argue whether the ballot was adopted by the Greeks and Romans, or whether its principle is to be found in other English institutions. What we want is a remedy to meet two immediate and fast-increasing evils. Years must pass away before there is the slightest chance of the principles of *Hare's system* of representation being adopted. We cannot afford to wait. We must deal with things as we find them. In the meanwhile, the ballot gives the best security to the elector from being exposed to intimidation on the one hand and bribery on the other. Just as there was only one way of emancipating the negro—namely, to give him some security for his freedom—so there is but one way of enfranchising the elector, by giving him some security that he can vote as he pleases. And that security is the ballot. It were better, we say, to have no Reform at all, than a Reform which simply makes electors political slaves, and exposes them to the dictation of such men as "A Buckinghamshire Landlord." The matter, however, rests with the constituencies. It is now in their power to decide whether the next Parliament shall give us the ballot. Its actual need is seen by the tyrannical acts with which the daily papers have lately teemed. There is no necessity for us to recount them. Their commission is openly advocated by our correspondent. We can therefore only congratulate him upon his timely communication. Nothing, we venture to say, will so much convince electors of the absolute necessity of the ballot as his letter. "A Buckinghamshire Landlord" has done more in a few paragraphs to establish the ballot than Cobden with all his plain sense and eloquence could do in a lifetime. He has revealed to us the average condition of the squirearchical mind. He has shown us that there are landlords who regard their tenants simply as chattels, and consider their tenants' votes as much their own as the rabbits on their farms.

THE PREMIER'S MANIFESTO.

MR DISRAELI'S Address to the electors of Buckinghamshire is the veriest flash in the pan. It is difficult to say whether it has more disappointed friends or foes. It is mere palaver for the party, winding up with a despairing "No Popery" shriek for the country. The latter may at once be dismissed with contempt. The former reminds us very strongly of Lovelace's prate to Clarissa outside the garden wall, when he wanted her to fly with him from the persecutions of her family. Having induced her to meet him outside the garden door, and having closed it behind her, at the same time leaving the key within her reach, the seducer—or shall we say educator?—indulged in a lengthy disquisition on the particulars of her sad lot amongst the Harlowes: It did not mean much; it meant, in fact, as little as Mr. Disraeli's Anti-Reform speeches used to mean, or as his pro-Irish Church speeches mean now. But it served to occupy Clarissa's mind, and to lull her—as those speeches lull the Tories—into a sort of mesmeric docility. Suddenly, however, there came a sound of turmoil from within the garden gate, as if the whole family were rushing out upon her—just as on Reform and on the Irish Church the Tories have been strenuously assaulted by the Liberals. Then it was that the prosy talk and the half-sleepy docility proved useful. In her confusion Clarissa simply yielded and fled with the man whose seducing or educating faculty would never otherwise have prevailed with her. "Now behind me, now before me," the deceived one afterwards wrote, "now on this side, now on that turned I my affrighted face, in the same moment expecting a furious brother here, armed servants there, an enraged sister screaming, and a father armed with terror in his countenance more dreadful than even the drawn sword which I saw or those I apprehended. I ran as fast as he, *yet knew not that I ran*; my fears adding wings to my feet, at the same time that they took all power of thinking from me—my fears which probably would not have suffered me to know what course to take *had I not had him to urge and draw me after him*." Was there ever a more exact analogy to the forlorn betrayals to which the Tories are subject from their leader whenever their opponents' attitude becomes threatening? Just now Mr. Lovelace is chattering; anon a cry of danger will suddenly arise, and then the Tory Clarissa will fly as swiftly as Camilla in the direction of Mr. Disraeli's hopes.

The only way to feel any interest in this address of the Premier is to compare it with that which he issued in 1865, being then in opposition, but as now a valiant defender of the Church and State. The State is not now the State which he then defended, nor the Church the Church; since 1865 "all has been lost," Church-rates having gone, and the "degradation" of the borough franchise having arrived. But Giant Greatheart is Giant Greatheart still, though all his *protégés* have gone to the bad. On one thing he may certainly be congratulated. He has learnt to express himself in better English. There is in the new manifesto a very illiterate "and whose;" there is in another sentence a very awkward transition from the past to the future tense; and in the last paragraph there is an exceedingly awkward construction in which the "too" figures very perversely. But there is nothing like the sentence in which in 1865 Mr. Disraeli spoke of the appeal to the country as a "recurrence to its sense;" and we are not told that "who may be the Ministers of the Queen *are* the accidents of history," while "what will remain on that enduring page is the policy pursued and its consequences on her realm." But the improvement of Mr. Disraeli in composition has not been kept pace with by his advances in political coherency. What now and always serves him is his audacity in claiming credit for his past achievements, and asserting himself as essential to the salvation of the country.

In 1865, Mr. Disraeli boasted that, in opposition for six years, his party had educated the public mind to declare that the franchise in boroughs should not be lowered, and that it ought to be extended in the lateral manner of Lord Derby's first Reform Bill. The party had also educated the House of Commons to resolve that Church-rates should not be abolished. Church-rates went this year, and the borough franchise was lowered as far as it could be last year; and we all know that Mr. Disraeli has boasted of educating his party in very different opinions than those in which he previously boasted they had educated the country. At the present juncture, however, according to his account, the Tories

are still proceeding in the good old way to do all the good that is done in the State, and preventing all the harm that is prevented in the Church. But for them, Reform would still have been unsettled. Foreign affairs would have been in a hopeless state of entanglement or a threatening state of irritation. The Abyssinian difficulty would have still been a legacy of insult. There would have been no navy to speak of, and neither soldiers nor fortifications would have had any guns. Nay, the army would have been a thing of the past, unless, indeed, we had been driven by the mismanaging Liberals to resort to conscription. As for Ireland, even the dark conspiracy of foreign military adventurers has not provoked the benignant Tories to be cruel towards the innocent Irish. And it is such a party as this that the leader of the Opposition seizes an ill-timed occasion to drive from power, at the same time recommending *par parenthèse* as it were, a change of the fundamental law of the realm and a dissolution of the Church and State.

Of course the leader of the Tories knows his party and their virtue too well to yield to this attack—just yet. So he patches up with a great show of reverence the old union between religion and authority, which has been decaying ever since the execution of Charles I., or at any rate ever since the accession of Charles II., and he enshrines in a State paper the most morbid delusions of the Orange faction. These be the gods—for the present—of Tory worship. The Prime Minister of England flatters his followers to the top of their bent—persuades them, in the teeth of facts, that they never did palter with their convictions—holds up before them, as a noble task well worthy of their invariable piety and devotion, the repression of Papal arrogance—assures them that only they are strong enough to prop the Church, or good enough to save the State.

We are tempted to conclude as we began, with a morsel from sly old Richardson. Do our readers remember how uncomfortable the flunkey-tool, Joseph, was rendered by Mr. Lovelace's compliments? So might the Tory party, if they were as frank as Joseph, address their unscrupulous lord and master in reply to his eulogies:—"For althoff," said Joseph, in a letter to his employer, "I think myself honest and all that; yet I am touched a littel for fear I should not do quite the right thing; and, too, besides your Honner has such a fesseshious way with you as that I hardly know whether you are in jest or earnest, when your Honner calls me honest so often." Are the innocent Tories who passed household suffrage, and mean not to disestablish the Irish Church, ever troubled with like perplexities when Mr. Disraeli praises them for past fidelity, and urges them to future obedience?

LIBERAL DISORGANIZATION.

HOPEFUL as are the prospects of the General Election for the Liberal party, in all that is requisite to constitute a great success, the event is being endangered by the astounding folly, bad management, and bad feeling of a large number of the Liberal candidates. There can be no doubt that the opinions of a great majority of the constituencies are in favour of Mr. Gladstone, and of the policy which he represents; and if the political struggle were being conducted with that discrimination which we have a right to expect, it would be tolerably certain that the leader of the Opposition would find himself, at the commencement of December, at the head of a formidable phalanx of supporters, and within easy grasp of power. But the blundering tactics of the Liberals in many parts of the Empire—the selfish ambition of some, the vanity of others, and it may be the treachery of not a few—are placing in serious peril a result which at one time was regarded as beyond a question. The Liberals have been dividing their forces until they have placed themselves in some danger of being beaten in their chief strongholds by a party inferior to them in numbers, but superior in a knowledge of the art of political warfare. In some places where there is only one seat to be occupied, there are three or four Liberal candidates in the field; so with other places having only two seats. Athlone, which belongs to the former category, is being disputed by no less than four supporters of Mr. Gladstone; at Barnstaple, Carlisle, Chester, Leeds, Chelsea, Devizes, Dundee, Hackney, Kidderminster, in the county of Cork, and in many other localities, more Liberal candidates have come forward than

there are seats to fill; and, as the Conservatives have concentrated all their power on one man in each case, while the Liberal strength is being frittered away on a number of antagonistic sections, it is not at all improbable that the former may in several instances prevail where it is notorious that the party of progress is in a clear majority. To be beaten by an honest superiority of votes is vexatious; to be beaten in this way is shameful. It is simply inexcusable, and disgraceful alike to the sense and honesty of those by whom it is brought about. Such a result might in most cases be avoided by a little care and self-sacrifice on the part of the rival candidates. It is generally known beforehand who is likely to obtain the largest number of votes. The active canvass that is carried on for weeks and months previously to an election shows with sufficient accuracy the probable leanings of the mass of voters; and any candidate who sees that, without securing his own success, he is endangering the chances of other candidates of the same colour, and risking the seat to the whole party, should be regarded as a traitor to the cause which he affects to serve. That the position of the Liberals in the approaching contest has been gravely compromised by the infatuated policy to which we are alluding, and that the hopes of the Conservatives have risen in proportion, are facts beyond dispute; and, although it is not too late to amend the evil, the Liberals are already placed before the world in a light which is discreditable to themselves, and disastrously encouraging to their adversaries. The Tories understand these things much better. They have found out the secret of organizing; they perceive the virtue of a due subordination. Discipline is as necessary in politics as in an army, and that is but a false and worthless Liberalism—let us rather say a criminal and dangerous Liberalism—which asserts the right of every man to do exactly as he pleases, whether he ruins his own party or not. The Conservatives, as a body, assert and exercise a check over the individuals who make up the aggregate, and the individuals render a willing allegiance to directions which they see are for the good of all. The Carlton Club in this respect acts as a valuable centre of intelligence to the whole party, and as an organizer of victories which might otherwise be lost. We Liberals have no such organization, and, unfortunately, in too many instances, the headstrong obstinacy and self-seeking of particular members of the party are exhibiting in the most lamentable way the peculiar weakness of the camp. The Conservatives are fighting with all the vigour and concentration of good generalship, perfect discipline, and a settled plan; the Liberals are conducting the battle on their side with scattered forces, divided counsels, insubordination, and an utter want of preconcerted design. Unless the latter change their tactics, they must necessarily suffer in the struggle. Some seats will assuredly be lost to them which they might have gained; and, even supposing they are still in a majority, how can they answer it to their consciences if they leave Mr. Gladstone with fewer forces for the battle than he calculated on heading—perhaps with an insufficient number to carry to a triumphant issue the policy with which his name is now associated?

We repeat that there is yet time to amend the error; but the amendment should come at once. Mr. Thomas Hughes has set an excellent example in withdrawing from Lambeth when he saw that rival Liberal candidates had a better chance, and that his persistence might let in a Tory; and the same thing has been done in one or two other quarters. These acts of good sense and patriotic feeling should be copied wherever there is any danger of Liberal divisions leading to Conservative successes. A previous examination should be made into the chances of success of the respective Liberal candidates; and he who would have the least support should make it a point of honour to resign. There is really no difficulty at all in the matter, if men would only make the good of their party, rather than their own glorification, the measure and end of their political action. As it is, we are threatened with actual injury because a certain number of Liberals have thrust themselves without any excuse before constituencies which do not want them, because they have first had the vanity to make a purely personal demonstration, and then the obstinacy to persist in the position they have taken up, at the risk of compromising their party. It not unfrequently happens that these intruders belong to extreme sections of the Liberal body; and there was admirable sense in the recent advice of Mr. Bright, not to abandon tried servants of the cause for the sake of those untried men who promise a little more. It would be lamentable indeed if a political

party, which has had years of peaceful opportunity for the discipline of its ranks, should now find itself, in the moment of trial, betrayed and abandoned by its own followers.

HANDICAPS.

THE Cesarewitch, almost the last great handicap of the year, was run last Tuesday, and was won by a three-year-old horse called Cecil, handicapped at 5st. 10lbs., but carrying 5st. 13lbs., over a course two miles and a quarter long. The winner has run and been beaten in all sorts of little races by horses of every degree of badness. Another three-year-old ran, Blue Gown, the winner of the Derby, the best horse of his year, unless the unfortunate Earl be his superior, and he carried 8st. 11lbs. It was the business of the handicapper to give the best horse and the worst horse an equal chance of winning the race, and the 43lbs. extra weight placed upon Blue Gown was supposed to bring his speed and endurance to the level of Cecil. Admiral Rous could handicap a hare and a tortoise so that the tortoise might win. In this particular talent the Admiral is unequalled; but the ingenuity of the handicapper brings out a corresponding ingenuity on the part of the owners of the horses handicapped. They try to make it appear that their horses are not hares at all, but the slowest of tortoises. The experiences of a horse in reserve for a great handicap would be curious and instructive. Every possible solution of the problem how not to win has to be worked out. The horse is sent to race after race, and always to be beaten; he is carefully kept out of condition; gets off badly at the start; has a propensity for running wide at the corners of the course; and does everything that a respectable horse ought not to do, until he is an object of scorn and derision to the sporting public, who call him a "crock," a cow, or some such interesting term of contempt. Of course, handicappers are always on the look-out for these vagaries, and it often takes years before a really good horse gets classed as a bad one. At last it is mysteriously whispered in "the stable" that now it is "Rookem's journey." The owner has "got his money on" at a good price; which means that people have betted him about 50 to 1 against "that brute Rookem" winning. "Rookem's journey" never comes until his owner has "got his money on." Should the public fancy the horse has a chance of winning, and back him so that the owner cannot get long odds against the horse, "Rookem" certainly does not win, probably does not run, and his owner avenges himself for being "forestalled" by kindly accommodating the public fancy, and, through his "commissioners," betting against his own horse. With the money thus got from the public the owner pays the horse's expenses and the stakes until the time for the grand *coup* arrives; then Rookem appears in something like his true form, and wins. If judiciously managed, so that the horse's excellence is not exposed by too easily cutting down his field, he may carry off several handicaps before his true position is known, and his career brought to a close. Scratching a horse that the public have backed before his owner has had the pick of the market has also this advantage—that the public grow shy of touching horses belonging to that owner, and render it more easy in future for him to get his own commission executed at a satisfactory price. We do not apply these remarks to Cecil's performances, but to a system well known to be practised by many owners of racehorses, and openly acknowledged and talked about. In the ordinary affairs of life the system would be called obtaining money under false pretences, or by some such unpleasant name, and would subject those who practise it to an appearance at the Old Bailey. Apologists of the turf are always talking of the necessity for improving the breed of our horses, but surely allowing bad horses to win great races against horses much superior to them is not the way to encourage the breeding of good horses. With much more truth might it be said that without these handicaps the overwhelming passion for betting that has seized upon all classes of the community could not easily be gratified. The public always want long odds, with a chance of winning. Had Blue Gown and Cecil run at even weights the odds would have been 50 to 1 on Blue Gown; but the public will not bet long odds on a horse, and instead of the Cesarewitch being what is called a good betting race, the mass of the public, who invest only sovereigns, or at most a five-pound note, would have put no money on either of the horses, for they would have known Cecil to have had no chance whatever. A race, to draw money from the public, should be as uncertain as to its result, as the comparative length of the straws pulled from a stack of corn; and about as much judgment is wanted to insure success, on the part of the small investors, for the one

amusement as for the other. Of course with people who have a special knowledge of racing, and an idea of the intentions of the owners, it is different; and it is to provide this knowledge that most of the daily papers keep a prophet, who too often prophesies falsely.

To abolish handicaps altogether would limit our race meetings to a very small number—not an unalloyed evil, as those who have had the misfortune to assist at small suburban races will admit. If it would at the same time keep the betting mania within reasonable bounds it would do inestimable good. Is it necessary that every week, and almost every day, from the first of January to the last of December, there should be racing or steeplechasing? To see good horses run is always pleasant, but there are many more noble amusements than assisting at a contest of wretched platers. If racing were confined to weight-for-age races, and to races with a uniform system of penalties and allowances, we believe that the amusement would resume its more legitimate position, and that we should be rid of some of the more glaring evils that disgust many people with the sport.

LOVE IN ART.

IT may help to invite the attention of unwilling readers, if any, to a difficult and inexhaustible discussion, if we place in the foreground, out of its logical order, a passage or two from an article, in the current number of the *North British Review*, on the culture of the idiotic and imbecile. Even without the reference to Lacordaire, the article would have disclosed, by numerous indications, its authorship; which the attentive reader, without hesitation, assigns to a living lady of fine and delicate faculty, and remarkably high spiritualistic tendencies. It is the last fact which gives its peculiar force to the circumstance that the author of the article has found, as others have done, and as was beforehand probable, the deepest suggestions upon the quality and hopes of humanity in facts revealed by the beneficent study of its lowest forms. Perhaps it might require a little familiarity with psychological processes to enable any one to suspect, *a priori*, that in the scrutiny of the conditions necessary for raising the idiot and the imbecile, the student of human nature would come across suggestions such as those we now quote; but one thing is certain—here they are in the *North British Review* for October:—

"The springs of life, of all life [the italics are not ours, but they are significant], lie close together; they may be tracked up to the same remote and hidden source, more hard to find than that of Nile or Niger, that 'well-spring of life' which remains the secret of God himself—they lead down to one unfathomable sea. . . . To say that such an instinct or emotion belongs to the animal part of our nature, is thought to convey a certain sense of disparagement, but what if we can prove that the range of feelings we are so accustomed to classify are connected as intimately with the highest as they are with the lowest region of our nature? [Italics our own here.] From all that we at present know of man, it appears that the soul can as little exert itself without the body, as the body can exist without the soul. Nor is there between these wedded mates any such disparity of native rank and lineage, as a proud and ignorant spiritualism has been pleased to place." [The italics are ours.]

Leaving these passages for the present to stand alone, we venture to call attention to a question which is constantly being restated in literary criticism, and very rarely with satisfactory results: What are the limits within which Art, and especially Poetry and Fiction, the more articulate forms of Art, are bound to move in dealing with certain topics to which the preceding quotations directly apply? It is only too plain that the answers usually given to this question depend upon the taste, or caprice, or prejudices of the writers. Very frequently they are based upon reasons of policy—reasons entitled to consideration, but of course not touching the final question. Reasons of policy in Art may change like the fashions—they do, in fact, change just in proportion as the tastes of individuals differ; but what we all require is an elementary answer, referring itself to such first principles as we can seize, and capable of an indefinite number of applications.

To take up the subject boldly at once, it is commonly affirmed that the appetites, as they are called, are not fit topics for poetry, or even for speech at all. "God lights that fire, and does not require our breath to blow upon it." That is true; but does it touch the question? The word appetite has really so limited a range of applicability in connection with the subject that we might almost insist upon its rejection, or qualification; only that there is no other word than this very ugly one lying handy to our need. But take hunger or thirst, as an available

illustration. To make the appetite of hunger or thirst a topic of poetry is not to blow upon the fire. If a poet were to found a tragedy upon the horrors of the famine at the siege of Londonderry, he would not be thought to blow upon a divinely-lighted fire, and encourage gluttony. Hunger has, in fact, been made the subject of poetry before now, and will be again. A poet might, unblameably, describe the most appetizing feast—the thing has been done. It is clear, then, that we have not yet got at the right point of discrimination. But, again, another experience of humanity in abnormal conditions has been made the subject of poetry in many places. Everybody will recall the one in Milton,—

“Among our other torments not the least,”—

but if the reader condemns the passage at all, it is surely because the suggestion is so slightly touched, not because it is introduced: that sudden reference to a new and unexpected topic seems to lack Milton's usual force of hand, and to be hurried over. But, to take another example, let us turn to what one of the great Shakespearian commentators terms “a young man's poem,” namely, the “Venus and Adonis” of Shakespeare. Is this objectionable? It is certain, for a reason which will appear in a moment, that if Shakespeare had been writing the “Venus and Adonis” now, he would have varied in the phrasing of one or two passages; but one thing we perceive at a glance—that this poem would have been objectionable if the story had been told of M. and N., whom we knew, or were supposed to know; for example, if Mr. Wilkie Collins had put it into one of his novels. It would have been objectionable if there had been anything about “caleçons” or “chemises,” or any such little familiar commonplace touches. The justification of the poet, and the condition of beauty or true idealism in all such work is what, for want of a better word, may be called remoteness: remoteness in scene, in personages, in accessories. Ovid must not be judged by our canons, but it is fair to say that a poet of the high order would never have written the sixth elegy of the third book,—

“Aut non formosa est, aut non bene culta puella,”—

or the fifth of the first book. These are direct accounts of personal experience; and if you take away the music and the easy, humorous glitter of the writing, there is nothing to distinguish them from Holywell-street writing. Such writing violates the law of modesty, “not to unveil before the gaze of an imperfect sympathy.” In matters of devotion, in matters of love, the sympathy of another never *can* be perfect; it is impossible to convey, or to guess the essential secret of the intercourse of a given individual soul with Almighty God, or the essential secret of a human pair who love each other, even in the very lowest possible form. Hence, the closer the poet comes, the nearer he approaches “being personal,” the more he fails as an artist and sins as a man. And the remoteness we require of him extends, of course, to his phrases, which, in proportion to the increasing complication and delicacy of human experience (the finer portions of our nature being set free to work their will by the growth of Convenience), must become more and more distant. In an article on Dr. Mary Walker's doctrine of dress, our contemporary, the *Spectator*, once observed that farmers' wives did not usually practise “crypto-bloomerism.” This was an example of what we mean by remoteness in phraseology. Everybody knew what it meant, and nobody was shocked, while the queer compound of Greek and Yankee speech almost raised the passage to the sphere of humour.

Thus, then, although the poet may, in our own opinion, light the purple lamp of Love, he must light it afar off, and trust to radiation and refraction for his effects. Desire appears to be as fair a theme for the poet as any other, but there is one thing which is inexorably excluded from all poetry whatever—namely, mechanism. You may make poetic capital out of hunger, but you must not describe the process of digestion. It is easy to apply the rule. Those who tell us that you must not make poetic capital out of the purple lamp, insist that it “kindles the imagination.” To this it is inevitable to reply, Why should the imagination not be kindled? It seems the poet may kindle the imagination over a battle-field or a chase, but not over the purple lamp. If reasons of moral policy are alleged in support of the restriction, at least those reasons must be supported by proof. Now, Holywell-street literature apart, is it probable that anybody was ever in any way demoralized by reading such books as the “Venus and Adonis”? Is it not, on the contrary, probable that the art of the poet does something to hallow, in the mind of his reader, even that which most distinctly takes the name of “animal”? If not, there is some special want of moral

sensibility in the subject of the experiment. If there be a natural deficiency in the feelings which connect pleasure with obligation; if there be a natural incapacity to see what the poet has really done when his eye has glanced from heaven to earth, and back again, as it inevitably does—*cadit questio*; we give the man up, either with or without poetry. Supposing, however, that the poet has a proper function to perform in singing over the purple lamp, does anybody suppose that such a function is supererogatory in, say, our own particular generation? There is plenty of vice in the world, plenty of abuse, and plenty of worldly-mindedness; but does any human being fancy that there is too much kindling of the imagination? that there is an excess of love in the lives of the virtuous men and women you meet in the streets? too keen a sense of the celestial brightness in which all things lie bathed to the eye of the poet? too deep a feeling of the existence of the avenues by which all the facts of life run out to infinite and sacred issues? Or is it not rather probable that the discipline of the poet in the kindling of the imagination is what is needed to supply a very great want? In one of the art-criticisms of the Rev. St. John Tyrwhitt there is an amusing passage in which he suggests that Titian was perhaps justified for painting without reserve a certain intolerably beautiful Venus, by the fact that the degraded Italians of his time seemed almost to have forgotten how beautiful woman is. The application is obvious.

These slender lines of thought are now beginning to converge upon the focus of the difficulty. There is, of course, a vast difference between the manner in which the poet conceives of love and the manner in which an ordinary man conceives it; but, fortunately, there are moments in human life in which we all get high enough up on the ladder to be able to catch a hand reached out to us from above. The poet may be able to do us good. But here we strike upon a difference between men which, so far as it is a matter of race and temperament, appears beyond the reach of art. There really does appear in some minds a natural tendency to isolate and put down under hatches, in utter dissociation from what they think best in life, the facts of love. They do not allow them to escape into the sunshine; they do not seem able to find in them any thrill or vibration which stamps them as co-ordinated, not degraded. Now persons of this order may be roughly divided into two classes: pietists, who are correct, but sordid; and vicious people, to whom it has befallen as it befell Mr. Kingsley's Lancelot Smith (“Yeast,” p. 4):—

“Love had been to him practically ground tabooed and carnal. What was to be expected? Just what happened—if woman's beauty had nothing holy in it, why should his fondness for it? Just what happens every day—that he had to sow his wild oats for himself, and eat the fruit thereof, and the dirt thereof also.”

Now, you cannot communicate a fresh sensibility to any man, and it would be impossible to deal otherwise with this temper, except by an exhaustive criticism of human nature, and the facts of daily life, in the spirit of the above quotations from the writer in the *North British Review*. But we may, perhaps, suggest to such people that the mood of the poet, in dealing with love, is not exactly what he supposes it is. Let him try and conceive what a dull world it would be if woman, considered merely as a spectacle, with all the suggestions that her presence carries with it, were removed. If there were, for example, no women's faces to be met in the streets, what kind of thing would the bustle of daily life be? It is impossible to doubt that the dullest and least imaginative person would feel, upon putting to himself such a question, that there is something more in the case than what he puts under hatches, and by the addition or incorporation of which that something would be incalculably bettered.

Apart from the question of temperament and natural defect, there is, however, the question of tradition. This is a difficult matter to discuss in anything like detail; but the tendency of certain forms of Oriental asceticism is well known. It is also familiar that, in expectation of a speedy supernatural close to the dispensation, the earlier Christians discouraged marriage and other things which they deemed secular. Then supervened the influence of the Oriental doctrine of the essential impurity of matter, and particularly of “the flesh;” and what the writer in the *North British Review* calls “a proud and ignorant spiritualism” established a distinction which has since been predominant in Art, where it has no business whatever, wherever its place may be—the distinction, namely, between spirit and flesh. Now, this being a critical or dogmatic distinction,—a distinction not emerging in the human consciousness pure and simple,—a distinction which, even as critically apprehended, is submerged in most of our high moments,—

cannot, of right, emerge in Art at all. Its presence, as a distinction which was entitled to dominate everywhere alike, was supported for centuries by the peculiar tone of the Christian Fathers proper, and some of their successors, in writing about women. If the LONDON REVIEW were to print some of the deliverances of Tertullian and Jerome, and connect them with others of earlier and later date, the LONDON REVIEW might be in danger of a prosecution under Lord Campbell's Act; but the tradition would be demonstrated. It is also necessary to take into account the influence of monastic institutions in casting an exaggerating, lurid, and degrading light upon some of the facts of existence; and, finally, the fact that, though asceticism is no longer dominant in Europe—is no longer generally supposed to hold the keys of the kingdom with a firmer hand than naturalism—the result of a long train of traditional influences has been to leave a deposit of belief, or, in most cases, prejudice, which turns away from the mere mention of the purple lamp, and, even in the very strongholds of Protestantism, cherishes, really cherishes, the idea that there is something peculiarly unholy in the flame. Now, till this deposit of belief is eliminated, Art must continue in a false position. She knows nothing of "flesh" and "spirit" considered as critical distinctions. Her sphere is what she finds in the human consciousness, and not what is forced upon the human understanding, or impressed upon the human belief. She has one law—beauty. She has one function—to harmonize. She has one method—symmetry. She has a work to fulfil in relation to love. Because she is not allowed to do it chastely, she flies into revolt, and becomes unchaste or reckless. In a day when Mr. Robert Buchanan's most innocent little poem, "The Little Milliner," cannot escape condemnation, what hope is there? At all events there is none until the Manichæan tradition has been erased, and the purely critical distinction between flesh and spirit kicked out, as a generative or controlling conception, from the sphere of Art.

LORD LYTTON'S NEW PLAY.

PUBLIC judgment upon the new play at the Lyceum is likely to be unanimous. Of course everybody will go to see the piece; and everybody will be thrilled by one or two scenes—notably that between Lady Montreville and her unacknowledged son—which possess decided dramatic power. We anticipate, nevertheless, a general impression that "The Rightful Heir" has not added much to the reputation of its author; and that it is not to be named in the same breath with "Money" or "The Lady of Lyons." The play has one element of strong human interest in it; it is well acted, and well put upon the stage; and there is a natural curiosity to see the latest work of so veteran a playwright and so celebrated an author as Bulwer Lytton. As a theatrical novelty, it is sure to be successful; as a work of art, it is open to several fatal objections. Let it be understood, however, that we do not compare "The Rightful Heir" with the average run of modern dramas: then we should have to give it a very high place indeed.

The incidents of the drama—altered from those of "The Sea Captain," the play which Mr. Thackeray so cleverly, bitterly, and in some points unjustly, satirized—are briefly these:—The Countess Montreville having in her youth contracted a *mésalliance*, the boy who is the offspring of this union is sent to sea, and the whole affair is hushed up. Subsequently she marries again and has another son, of whom she is passionately fond, and whom she designs to be the inheritor of her title and estates. The first son returns from sea a captain, and visits a ward of the Countess. He loves this girl, and has saved her life in bygone times. While thus on land, he learns the secret of his birth, and goes to claim recognition from his mother, armed with the papers she had intrusted to a certain priest. Here ensues the finest scene in the play. The Countess loves her eldest son, but she loves her younger son more; and, knowing that the latter has inherited all her own pride of descent and position (he has said he would kill himself if deprived of his rank), she at first refuses to acknowledge the hero of the drama. How the rough sea-captain beseeches only for her maternal love—how she is goaded into calling him an impostor—how he then takes his stand upon the hearth of his ancestors and demands his rights—how his mother's natural affection breaks through her resolve and makes her rush into his arms, may be best imagined when we say that the part of the Countess was played by Mrs. Hermann Vezin, and that of her son by Mr. Bandmann. The scene is a very powerful one; and Mrs. Vezin, on whom it principally devolves, gives it ample justice with her

admirable acting and her sympathetic voice. Thereafter the eldest son wishes to relinquish all claim to the title and estates, and, marrying the young lady, depart from England. But the younger son also loves this young lady, and challenges his rival without knowing that he is his brother. A poor kinsman of the Countess, who knows all these matters, and wishes to secure the succession to himself by the destruction of both brothers, hires a ruffian to kill Vyvyan (the elder son) should Lord Beaufort (the younger son) fail to do so. Vyvyan is unarmed, and does not wish to fight with his brother, when the latter draws upon him, and Vyvyan, stumbling, disappears over a cliff. Time passes; Lord Beaufort is ill of evil memories and imaginings; his mother is sore at heart; and her ward, Eveline, wanders about with her hair down, twisting garlands of flowers, and singing snatches of song, after the manner of Ophelia. Then Lord Beaufort is about to be tried for the murder, when Vyvyan walks in, gorgeously attired, and dispenses happiness all round.

The story is of the *London Journal* type. The outline we have given of it is necessarily bare, and does not include those stirring accessories, of historical interest, with which the plot is helped along; but it is sufficient to indicate the class of drama to which "The Rightful Heir" belongs, and that class is supposed to be chiefly fitted for transpontine audiences. The plot is of a coarse and obvious kind, in certain respects; in others, it is confused, and the action problematical. We know that the lost heir is coming back to set matters straight, and we can fix the time for his appearance. On the other hand, the method of his disappearance is a conundrum which the subsequent action of the play does not solve. There are two scenes, however, in "The Rightful Heir" which raise it above the Victoria level. The first is the interview between the Countess and Vyvyan, of which we have spoken; the second, that in which the poor kinsman anticipates his succession to the title. Both of these are exceedingly fine passages, full of power and interest; and they are both remarkably well acted. As for the literary merits of the play, it is scarcely safe or fair to speak of blank verse, as it undergoes transformation in the mouths of actors. So far as we could judge, the writing is not so foolish as some parts of "The Sea Captain;" but, on the other hand, it is mere rhetoric, and not poetry—like three-fourths of what Lord Lytton has published in that form. The set speeches are beautiful and sonorous; they embody the Exquisite, the Refined, the Tender, in a series of the most graceful metaphors; but they remind one of the blue skies and charming nymphs of a drop-scene. With the aid of Mr. and Mrs. Hermann Vezin's acting, much picturesque costume and background, and an occasional wail of music, "The Rightful Heir," as a literary production, may be accepted with equanimity and some sense of gratitude; but under the cold, clear light of one's study-window, the play might probably wear a different aspect.

To speak of the acting of a play in which Mr. and Mrs. Hermann Vezin are engaged is always a grateful task. We have no actor at present on the London stage who so successfully throws off stage-precedent as Mr. Vezin. His rendering of a part has invariably about it an intellectual individuality which distinguishes it from the ordinary "business" of the theatre. Sir Grey de Malpas is not nearly so good a part as the "Man o' Airlie," which every lover of dramatic art must treasure in his remembrance; but such as it is, Mr. Vezin gave it every justice. That scene in which the poor kinsman already sees himself in the trappings of an earl, and pictures himself at court, receiving the homage and courtesy due to his great name, was quite a triumph of representation, and received the applause it deserved. Not less warmly can we speak of Mrs. Vezin's Countess, although she looked rather young to be the mother of such a stalwart son as Vyvyan. Her bearing during that trying scene in which her eldest son claims her love was so natural and touching, and her voice so penetrating and sympathetic, that the audience seemed literally "spell-bound." Of Mr. Bandmann it is difficult to speak within the compass of a brief notice like the present. He has many distinguished and obvious merits; he has several faults which temper our general admiration of his acting. The part of Vyvyan is not so well adapted for him as that of Narcisse; but he was certainly successful in carrying the sympathies of his audience with him in a very marked degree. English audiences rather like a German accent in an actor; they seem to regard his being able to play in an English theatre at all as a sort of lingual feat which ought to prepossess their judgment of his performance. Mr. Bandmann, it may be briefly said, has a fine figure, an expressive face, and a voice which is capable of much modulation, and which he modulates too much. What we chiefly deprecate in his acting is the habit of playing to the audience. He continually diassociates himself from the scene

around him, and addresses the spectators. While the Countess, and Eveline, and others are within a castle, talking to each other, Mr. Bandmann is clearly as near as he can be to the pit of the Lyceum Theatre, to which he directs most of the remarks which Eveline ought to hear. The Eveline of Miss Milly Palmer is prettily played; but it is not a part out of which any actress could make much. It only remains to be added that Mr. E. T. Smith has given the drama the benefit of good stage appointments, the scenery being especially praiseworthy.

CLEVER MEN'S WIVES.

AS a general rule, clever men marry badly. In one sense this is equivalent to saying that all men marry badly; for there is no man who does not believe himself to be clever. We speak just now, however, of men who are acknowledged by the public, or even by their friends and acquaintances, to be men of exceptional faculty, of great attainments, or of distinguished social powers. The rarest thing in life is to find a married couple possessing the same marked characteristics, unless, indeed, they are bound together by a common link of dullness. We seldom find a husband and wife who are both of them equally celebrated for their winning address, or their conversational ability, or their acquaintance with Auguste Comte, or their facility in verse-writing or private theatricals. Still more seldom do we find a man who is possessed of brilliant intellectual faculties married to a woman who comes near his level. We do not speak of literary men exclusively, although their marital misfortunes too often make up the bulk of their biographies. The general experience of any man who mixes freely with various grades of people, and keeps his eyes open the while, is that a clever man is almost sure to have a dull wife. Further, if the man have exceptionally fastidious tastes, the woman is frequently marked out by the vulgarity of her dress, or manners, or conversation. One is apt to consider that in any tolerable society it will be impossible to meet with a person who does not know how to manage the letter *k*; if that hallucination is destroyed, it will be by a clever man's wife.

The reason is obvious. Clever men marry badly because they think they can float a stupid woman in society by their own intellectual vigour. They consider they have enough brains for two. Of course, no man actually goes into marriage for the purpose of trying such an experiment; but the consciousness of having such a power is a predisposing cause towards the result. Nor does it necessarily argue vanity on the part of a clever man that he should be aware of his own intellectual value. The chances are that in judicial faculty he is no greater fool than his neighbours; and if they can recognise the exceptional power of his mind, is it likely that he himself will remain ignorant of it? Nothing can be more absurd than the popular notion that when a man's brilliant qualities are the talk of his social circle, or of his country, he himself should exhibit an idiotic ignorance of them, or else sham an ignorance of them and gain credit for his mock-modesty. Doubtless, there are many men who are profoundly conscious of the possession of all sorts of brilliant qualities and faculties which are quite invisible to their friends and neighbours; but at present we are not talking of nincompoops.

The clever man does not marry a stupid woman out of an illogical preference for stupidity. But in looking out for a wife he arrogates to himself a certain liberty of choice which men of smaller parts would scarcely dare to assume. A man who stands five feet six, has red hair, an upturned nose, an irascible temper, and no brains to speak of, is generally blessed by Providence with some dim desire of marrying a wife who will lend to his household the charms of grace and amiability which he could never give it. He wishes to stand well with his friends; he wishes to be thought a desirable addition to their dinner-tables; and doubtless is anxious that he should be able to ask them to his own house without regarding their coming as too great a favour. "If I could only get a wife who would do all this for me!" he sighs. Naturally he takes every precaution in choosing his mate that she shall possess those compensating qualities. It would be absurd to say that this man sacrificed his freedom of choice on the altar of society. Society does not care a rush whom he, or anybody else, marries. But the attitude of society towards the lady after she is married is very important to him; and it is for his own comfort that he marries a woman whom society is likely to admire and love. Again and again we visit houses which would be unbearable but for the mistress of them; and quite as often we meet with men whom everybody would shun if they had

not dexterous wives to smoothe down their offensive angles and give a charm to their not very desirable company. The men who thus marry generally forget their dependence on their wives. They get accustomed to the good graces of society, and look upon them as a tribute to their individual worth. Some time ago there appeared in *Punch* a witty picture—we think it was Da Maurier's—of a small gorilla-looking man who had escorted his wife, a very handsome woman, down to the seaside. He confides to his friend, if we remember rightly, the embarrassing circumstance that the people of the watering-place call him and his wife "Beauty and the Beast," and adds that he can't understand it, "for poor Jemima is not so very bad-looking, you know." The picture and its legend—which it is quite possible we have mangled in translation—give a happy notion of the modest assumptions of a good many husbands.

Now, a man of intellectual ability is apt to put society altogether out of the question. He will marry whatsoever woman seems good unto him, and let society strike what attitude it pleases afterwards. So far as the relations between society and himself are concerned, society, not he, has hitherto been the wooer. He is not unwilling to remain within his present social circle; but, if circumstances should induce him to leave it, he will go with equanimity, confident that he carries with him the power of being company to himself wherever he may wander. This is generally the first challenge that he throws down. If it is accepted, he then says, "Good, I prefer my wife to my acquaintances. Let them depart in peace; I shall not suffer." But it is very rarely indeed that society takes the trouble to say anything about a man's choice of a prospective wife; and the chances are that our intellectual hero, while fully determined to please himself, has an inward conviction that he and his wife together will make it all right with society. If she cannot meet his friends on equal terms—if she cannot talk about modern literature, or speak Italian to this or that celebrated refugee, or give a pronounced opinion upon the equality of the sexes, or venture to say a word about the pictures in the dining-room, cannot he come to her rescue and rout her foes? Besides, he does not marry her that she should do ineffectually what he can do well. In artistic and literary conversation he can do enough for both; and society will therefore have no right to say that Mr. and Mrs. A., or F., or Z., are undesirable acquaintances.

Before turning to look at the manner in which society comports itself towards clever men's wives, one other reason may be advanced why clever men, as a rule, marry stupid women. Two of a trade never agree, says the proverb. The young painter who dreams of securing to himself for a mate a beautiful creature filled with the same idealisms as himself, with a divine passion for colour, and a keen enjoyment of natural groups of form, would soon be driven out of his senses if he were to be constantly beside a woman who would criticise his unfinished work, dabble among his colour-tubes, and talk, *ad nauseam*, of pictures, and of nothing but pictures. There is no man living proof against the weakness of delighting to overawe his wife with the esoteric mysteries of his profession. Whether he be a lawyer, or an artist, or an author, he loves to crush her with results, of the methods of which she knows nothing. Every husband is more or less a mystery-man to his wife. He delights to astonish her by his prowess; but how is that possible if she know the process by which he has arrived at his professional skill? It is true that in some professions—notably in the musical and theatrical professions—inter-marriages are common; but there the object of marriage may be said to be as much professional as domestic. When the leading tenor marries the chief contralto of an operatic company, the chances are that the match has not been suggested so much by the possible spiritual communion of two souls hungering after melody, as by the possible advantages to be reaped in the matter of engagements. Men do not like women to know too much of their business or profession—that is to say, they do not desire that their wives should become acquainted with the technical details of their work. So a man who is a brilliant talker does not marry a woman whose tongue goes perpetually; the domestic result would be hideous. Nor does a writer marry a woman who writes; nor a painter a woman who paints. And the exceptionally brilliant and pronounced man, called upon to choose between a brilliantly intellectual woman, who will contest the palm of conversational superiority with him in society, and a quiet, modest, unassuming, not to say dull, woman, will almost invariably choose the latter. And out of wilfulness, sometimes, he goes and marries a vulgar woman, who has scarcely the prudence to be quiet.

Now, the clever man has very likely, as he inwardly calculates,

enough brains for two; but unfortunately society refuses to be at the trouble of apportioning his intellectual graces. The man is held in the same estimation he possessed before marriage; the woman is written down a bore. He cannot float her. Even for his sake his friends cannot tolerate the presence of a dummy in their drawing-rooms who makes every one uncomfortable by appearing ill at ease; or his friends' wives will not consent to walk about with a flaunting creature dressed in pink, orange, and blue. By insidious degrees they try to invite him without his wife. If he is a man of penetration and self-respect, he detects the covert wish, and flatly refuses. Indeed, the probability is that he becomes terribly disgusted, and in a passion retires altogether from the social circle in which he used to move. Happy is it then for him if the woman whom he married in defiance of society and for his own needs can satisfy those needs. We will say that she is possessed of a tolerable temper, and does not drive him to fly life, as well as society, to be out of the range of her tongue. We will say also that she does not shock his eyes with tawdry finery, or annoy him by gross vulgarity of manners. The question is, will he be able to remain for ever in the companionship of a woman who has little or no sympathy with those things which most interest him? Will he be content for ever to be shut up with a living dullness? If he is a man whose intellectual faculties are based upon a certain sensitiveness and quickness to outward impressions, the odds are altogether against him. If he is engaged in any great work which absorbs all his attention, he may put domestic affairs on a lower level, and establish with his wife a system of mutual toleration. But mutual toleration is not a very agreeable or secure basis for married life.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

UP to the present time, nothing can be better than the progress which the Spanish revolution has made. It is infinitely to the credit of the people that they should have conducted what is always a dangerous movement with such exemplary moderation (for a single outrage at Madrid on two chiefs of police is merely an exception to the rule), with such admirable self-control, with such a patriotic abnegation of personal and sectional claims before the supreme necessity of concord, and with so manifest a capacity for rapid organization and self-government. Europe hardly anticipated that the convulsion would have been attended by so little bloodshed and such an absence of dissension. What the future may have in store cannot be foretold; but at present all parties appear to have united in carrying on the affairs of the country in a liberal and pacific spirit. Marshal Serrano—who certainly did the chief work of the revolution—has been authorized by the Junta to exercise supreme power, and has appointed a Coalition Ministry, comprising Senores Madoz, Sagosta, Rivero, Lovenzana, Martinez Aguiar, Lopez Ayala, Figuerola, and Admiral Topete. General Espartero and Senor Olozaga both hesitate as to actually connecting themselves with the Government, though they have been requested to do so; but they are in favour of the movement, and the absence of Espartero, who is now old, and has always been wanting in strength of will, is hardly regrettable. Prim (who has entered Madrid amidst a burst of popular enthusiasm rivalling that with which Garibaldi was received at Naples) has been appointed co-President of the Junta with Serrano; and, although some of the provincial Juntas object to the placing of supreme power in the hands of the latter, there does not appear to have been any serious opposition to this step. The scolding protest of the Queen has been treated with such contemptuous indifference that the Junta has published it in the official *Gazette*, with the simple observation—"Queen Isabella has addressed a manifesto to the Spaniards. The Junta refrains from making any criticism upon it. The nation has passed its sovereign judgment on the acts of the Queen, and can now pass its verdict on her words." Nothing can exceed the sense and sanity of this mode of meeting an impotent cry of wrath and mortification. The Spaniards have so far proved their right to self-government. Let us hope they will show equal wisdom in the final choice of a ruler. The idea of a Republic seems to be passing away; and there is talk of the Junta inviting the Duke of Edinburgh, or the King of the Belgians, or the King of Portugal, to take the throne—in the first place, coupled with the condition that Gibraltar is to be ceded to Spain. Not one of these projects is very happy, but the last seems to offer the greatest probability of success.

ON Tuesday night a meeting of foreign *revolutionnaires* was held at the Cleveland Hall, to celebrate the success of the Spanish revolution. The attendance was large, and consisted chiefly of Frenchmen. Many amiable sentiments were adopted with acclamation; amongst them was, "After Maximilian, Isabella; and after Isabella, Napoleon;" also, "The entire abolition of existing systems, including the nobility and clergy," and "The adoption of a republican and communistic system, on the model of that established by Robespierre in the time of the first French revolution." We are told that the proceedings were throughout of a very orderly character. The speakers may congratulate themselves on being beyond the reach of the party of order and of the saviour of society.

A STRONG feeling against Papal assumption is evidently gaining ground in various parts of the Austrian empire. The other day a Roman Catholic priest at Toeplitz, in Hungary, refused to perform some of the offices of the Church in the case of a Protestant bridegroom and a Catholic bride, unless the customary promises were made relative to the education of the children. This was not done, and the priest accordingly declined to bless the union. Much indignation has been excited at the conduct of the priest, and at the civil marriage a large crowd assembled, uttering cries of "Long live the Emperor, who has freed us from a degrading yoke!" (that of the Concordat)—"Long live the Constitution, which has secured liberty to all!"—&c. The same feeling is manifested in the determination which appears to exist in Government circles to suppress the Concordat altogether. This has resulted from the refusal of certain bishops to obey a law recently passed by the Reichsrath, and the decision of the Tribunal of Prague that they are protected by an article of the obnoxious treaty, which exempts them from civil jurisdiction. The cause of Papal domination is losing ground everywhere.

PIO NINO is certainly fond of letter-writing. We are accustomed to see some long address of his every three or four months, though almost any one might stand for almost any other. The "apostolic" communication addressed by the Pope to all Protestant and non-Catholic bodies, exhorting them to attend the œcumenical council to be held at Rome in December, 1869, is the latest specimen of these doleful and diffuse missives with which the world has been favoured. Like all its predecessors, it is written in very low spirits, and in a style of helpless wandering. Probably the translation is bad enough; but it is impossible to conceive that the original is other than a very feeble attempt at persuasion, mixed with a few "apostolic" threats. His Holiness acknowledges that the "non-Catholics" rejoice in the name of Christians, and recognise "that same Jesus Christ" whom Catholics adore; yet at the same time he asserts that they "do not profess the veritable faith of Christ." This is rather cool, and (to say nothing of good taste) very injudicious when the object is to get these un-Christian Christians to pay a visit to the headquarters of Infallibility. It would surely have been more judicious to leave that disputed point about the respective authenticity of the two systems out of view for the present, and to invite those Christians who do not follow the communion of the Catholic Church to the council that is about to be held, without bluntly telling them at the outset that they are not true Christians at all. What can the Pope hope to effect by such a proceeding? Does he really think it likely that Protestants will respond to such an appeal, which begins by begging the whole question, and denies to a large section of the Christian world the credit of being Christian in anything but name? It is true that Infallibility, by the terms of its existence, can do nothing else than beg the question. It cannot argue: the fact of arguing concedes that there is something to be said on the other side. But for that very reason Infallibility should forbear from asking its adversary to come and make humble submission, when it has no longer any power to enforce submission in case of refusal. Selden pithily said:—"The Pope is infallible where he hath power to command; that is, where he must be obeyed; so is every supreme power and prince. They that stretch his infallibility further do they know not what."

THE appointment of the Dean of Cork to the bishopric of Peterborough is one that in Ireland at least will be received with unmixed satisfaction. Dr. Magee was not only an able preacher, but a singularly acute thinker outside the sphere of theology. His opinions on the Irish Church were unflinchingly expressed;

but Dr. Magee's personal popularity was so great that his professional subscription to the Establishment was not looked on with so much disfavour even by those who differed very strongly from him in opinion. The *Advertiser* says that the appointment will enrage the Ritualists to such an extent that they are likely to side with "Mr. Mill in Westminster, and Mr. Bradlaugh the atheist at Northampton." Thus does the *Advertiser* perpetuate this offensive association of two men as distinct from each other as two men can be. Our contemporary ought not so to mislead its patrons the licensed victuallers. What can the *Advertiser* know of Mr. Mill, who never wrote a book of hymns or a treatise against Popery in his life?

Not a few of the Conservatives are doing the most they can to bring their party into contempt. The dishonest means by which some are endeavouring to influence the elections are only equalled by the childish silliness of the denunciations poured forth by others against Mr. Gladstone. The Rev. Mr. Wescoe, vicar of St. Thomas's, Blackburn, has been distinguishing himself in the latter respect. At a tea-party held on Saturday evening to celebrate the opening of a Conservative working man's club, Mr. Wescoe is reported to have said:—

"The statements which were made by previous speakers were painfully and awfully true. One was that the devil had made his headquarters in London, and Mr. Gladstone was one of his generals; the other was that the devil was the first Radical. These might seem exaggerated statements, but let them think for a moment and look at the union of Church and State. Three times there had been an attempt to separate Church and State, and in every case the agitators had come to ruin. The first instance that the All-wise gave of His government was that union of Church and State in heaven. The first agitator for the dissolution of that union was the devil; but in seeking to effect the dissolution of that union he effected his own fall. Again, the same wise Being gave us another instance of the nature of His government, and that again was the union of Church and State. That was in Paradise, wherein it was the union of the Church in Adam and Eve with the sovereignty of the All-wise. Satan set to work, and this time succeeded, and the result was the ruin of the Church temporal. He had given them, in the book of Leviticus, another instance of a union between Church and State, and when it was opposed it was the ruin of the Church, of the union, and of the agitators. And, though it might seem harsh, though it might seem an exaggeration of truth, he confessed that he felt appalled when he saw the sad and terrible parallelism there was between the enemy of all men and the leader of the Radicals, now the enemy of the Church. He strongly felt the parallelism, and he would rather occupy his present humble position than Mr. Gladstone's."

When clergymen talk about the devil, they generally talk nonsense; and it must be added that a large number are equally unfortunate when they touch upon politics. Mr. Wescoe has united the two forms of folly with some ingenuity; but for that very reason his condemnation must be twofold. This is the kind of stuff that Conservative clergymen talk to working men; and yet we are asked to intrust the education of the ignorant to such hands. Perhaps the more charitable view, however, is that Mr. Wescoe is quite harmless, only his friends should not permit him to be at large.

LORD RANELAGH has thought fit to offer an explanation of his connection with the Rachel case to the corps of volunteers which he commands. It is said that he was stung to this course by the fire of chaffing which proceeded from the ranks whenever his lordship was in the way. He appears, on his own showing, to be very badly used, and is exceedingly wroth with Serjeant Ballantine for his remarks during the trial. "If those," he says, with great wit and severity, "who live in glass houses should not throw stones, surely those who occupy regular Crystal Palaces should be still more guarded in that respect." At any rate, Lord Ranelagh can fall back upon the consolations of a sound sense of virtue. He has been the innocent victim of several mistakes. He has been moving—to follow his own phrase—in a glass hive for some time, and the world during the dull season has been peeping at him while Serjeant Ballantine, who resides in a regular Crystal Palace—all to himself—has been allowed to pelt him with insinuations. Ought not the South Middlesex Volunteers to present their misused colonel with some token of their sympathy for his sufferings?

THE signalman whose negligence caused the recent accident to the Irish express at Holywell (not the terrible catastrophe at Abergele, but a subsequent and comparatively trivial collision) has been sentenced to two months' imprisonment. The whole thing lies in a nutshell. A luggage train was just leaving the station, and the express was due. The signalman (who has had thirty-four years' experience) took it for granted that the

driver of the express had, as usual, stopped just outside the station to take in water, and that his train would only be moving at the rate of about three miles an hour. He therefore changed the "Danger" signal for "All Right." The express driver, however, had *not* stopped, and was advancing at the rate of thirty miles an hour. A collision, therefore, ensued, and it is surprising that the passengers should have escaped with but slight injuries. The signalman had clearly no right to make the assumption he did, or any assumption at all. He signalled that the line was clear when he knew it was not clear, and his punishment was not greater than a regard for the safety of the public demands. Mr. Edwards Wood, the solicitor, deserves the thanks of the community for prosecuting such cases.

A RELIGIOUS revival is going on in New York, which, like other religious revivals, is characterized by some strange and not very decent features. John Allen, the keeper of a dancing-house for sailors in Water-street, close by the river, has recently announced himself as one of the converted, and has given up his rooms to missionaries and preachers for the spread of the faith. The house has long been known to the police as one of the most atrocious centres of depravity and ruffianism in the whole city, and John Allen has rejoiced in the title of "the wickedest man in New York." Under this designation he was recently described in one of the American magazines, and the article sent so many religious adventurers to the place, in the hope of converting this monster of iniquity, that at length he either *was* converted, or affected to be, in order to make a profit out of the excitement. Religious services and prayer-meetings are constantly held in the house; large crowds are attracted to the spot, and hysteria and ribaldry alternate with one another as the auditors are seriously or mirthfully affected. Allen himself maunders about, drunk and abusive, or half-sober and maudlin. He has even made an attempt at preaching on his own account at Stamford, a town in Connecticut; but it was a failure. Meanwhile, other keepers of dancing-saloons, jealous of the Satanic honours paid to Allen, have come forward, each laying claim to the proud title of "the wickedest man in New York," and several have offered to place their dens at the disposal of the preaching fraternity, but avowedly only as a business speculation, which they consider likely to "pay" at the present moment. In short, New York just now is passing through one of those religious fevers which occasionally seize on communities, and, after effecting a certain number of apparent conversions, leave society in the end more depraved and abandoned than they found it.

DEVOTIONAL exercises, when uncontrolled by good sense, are as apt to take grotesque forms in England as in America. The Nottingham papers give an odd account of scenes that are to be witnessed in that town every Sunday, when a man who is described as "a converted nigger," but who is said to have no appearance of black blood, exhorts his auditory to the music of a banjo. This man's name is J. Birch, and he puts "D.D." after it, which means, not Doctor of Divinity, but "Devil-driver." Huntingdon, the Methodist coalheaver of last century, dubbed himself "S.S.," which stood for "Sinner Saved;" but he was apparently a more modest man than J. Birch, who boasts of his power of driving Satan clean out of the field. The services are held in front of a theatrical exhibition, and last Sunday J. Birch, the converted nigger, made so great a hit with his hymn-singing and banjo-playing that he was thrice encored. The principal officiator at these ceremonials, however, is a Mr. Dupe (who seems to have been very well fitted with a name); and this holy man appears to have a provident eye to the general arrangements of the tabernacle. "In the evening," says the *Nottingham Express*, "one of two lamps used for lighting up the services would not burn well, and Mr. Dupe had once or twice during prayer to rise from his knees to attend to it. The circumstance, of course, evoked considerable merriment. Mr. Birch was greatly applauded in a hymn to the tune of "Ladies, won't you marry?" commencing, "Adam was the first man." This performance, according to the account already quoted, "was attended with great enthusiasm, and, as if with an eye to monetary matters (for books were being sold by one of the 'disciples' below), he vociferated 'Chorus,' and this was repeated several times at the end of nearly every verse." More than a hundred years ago, "Orator Henley," the eccentric clergyman of whom we read in Pope, created great scandal by his Sunday services in Clare Market, where he used to preach from a tub to laughing crowds of butchers and riff-raff. Messrs. Dupe, Birch, & Co. seem to be emulating his achievements, and with very fair success.

SOME British troops employed at Astley's Theatre to represent the "Siege of Magdala," were near having a bigger list of killed and wounded after the mimic battle than our army had when the real fight was over. It is necessary, in order to attract people to Astley's to discharge pieces of ordnance during the performance, and on Tuesday evening the pyrotechnist who acted as artillerist to the establishment discharged sixteen guns together, and one of the gun-barrels burst and wounded two men of the Scots Greys. There have always been too much powder and noise at our minor theatres, and we only wonder accidents are not more frequent. To say nothing of the brutal disturbance that firearms make in a building, there is the odour of the villainous saltpetre, which seems to be made doubly villainous to suit the exigencies of melodrama.

THE Welsh have been Eisteddfodding again, and brought Mr. Hullah, the choral teacher, to listen and to judge of their performances. Nothing could be more barbarous than the music, especially the accompanied songs, which appeared to consist of a sort of competitive trial of strength between the harpist and the rhymer. One started an air and the other allowed him to get off with it for some time, and then ran in pursuit. This practice was not confined to adults, even children were addicted to it. Mr. Hullah speaks of two little girls who went on with Balfe's duet, "The Sailor Sighs," in this fashion, and who reached, "without serious discomfort (to themselves), the winning post at much about the same instant of time."

THE Church Congress in Dublin meddles with as many subjects as a Social Science gathering. One of the topics for debate was the prevalence of positivism in newspapers and periodicals, and the general tone of infidelity in the press. The Pope frequently takes occasion to complain of the same thing. This fact appeared to strike the Rev. Archdeacon Lee as something reprehensible, and he was compelled to say that muzzling journalism was out of the question. He was ready, however, to do battle for his cause, but not until the writers of articles signed their names to contributions. "They did this in France," remarked the Archdeacon, "and they do it in the *Fortnightly Review*." Well, the French press is more easy and free-thinking than our own, and as for the *Fortnightly Review*, which complies with the Archdeacon's requirement, we can only say we should be glad to see a clerical champion touch Mr. Morley's shield. An engagement of the kind would do the *Fortnightly* no harm, and of course the clergyman would stick to his opinions, no matter what came of the combat. One speaker who followed Archdeacon Lee proposed to suppress materialism by means of tracts.

THE Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge propose to starve Dr. Colenso into submission. A stormy meeting of the Society was held on Tuesday morning, at which it was decided to grant £2,000 for the use of the Church in Natal, independent of the Bishop. This proposal caused much commotion in the assembly. The Rev. Dr. Hessey and Mr. Pellew wished to grant the £2,000 without pledging the Society to any opinion on certain vexed questions. Then the Rev. Mr. Magin interposed with another amendment, calling upon the Society to show some sign of unanimity. A brother-in-law of Bishop Colenso, the Rev. W. G. Humphrey, and Mr. Vansittart Neale came to the recusant Bishop's defence. Finally, we are told, the "confusion was fearful," and in the midst of the general anarchy the original proposal, which we have mentioned, was carried, under protest on the part of Mr. Humphrey. But it was reserved for a Mr. West to declare his intention of appealing to the Court of Chancery for an injunction. Into such an ignoble arena has the theological fight which threatened at one time to convulse England now descended! The astounding anomaly of Dr. Colenso's position—and the singular circumstance that such a man should be pertinacious in holding such a position—are perhaps no less remarkable than the confusion of purpose which reigns among his opponents. Altogether the case offers material for curious study, and is productive of reflections, some of which are humorous and some rather sad.

A CASE of pillar-box robbery occurred this week. It was effected by means of gum and probably a piece of stick. There is a somewhat novel mode now adopted by thieves in the metropolis for fishing out books, table-cloths, &c. from windows left incautiously unfastened. The rogue raises the window and passes a wand with hooks attached to it into the room.

If he hears any stir, he quietly slips off, and escapes the chances of being taken as a burglar. Several houses have been plundered in this way recently.

It would not cost very much to throw down more frequently quantities of sand upon the streets in the City, and the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty might see that it was done. Horses with heavy loads suffer in the most distressing manner whenever the pavement becomes what is called "greasy." Bus horses, too, that are constantly pulled up, may be seen struggling for a minute before they can get a start on this roadway, and the oaths of their drivers, as well as the vigour with which they ply the whips, are not agreeable things to observe. Now that the foggy weather is closing on us, such a matter as this ought to be seen to.

THE police made a plunge into a nest of betting men the other day in Liverpool, and two of the fraternity were hauled before the magistrate. It is said that the scene when the constables made their appearance amongst the bookmakers was ludicrous in the extreme, many of those gentry having waxed fat in their calling, and enduring a great deal in their attempts to escape capture. Will Sir Richard Mayne ever think of sending a detachment to harry Tattersall's? We don't recommend that course, but it is really hard to see why, if betting is permitted at all, the law should only deal with small offenders.

THE "Guards' Institute," a sort of club originally established for privates and non-commissioned officers of the pet corps, has now been thrown open to all soldiers within reach of its privileges. The absence of all means of employment and honest recreation for the troops stationed in London is absolutely pitiable. The consequences of the system extend further than we can follow them, and it would be a great boon if something were done to organize both work and play for the idle soldier. The institute we refer to is a step in the right direction.

ACCORDING to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, the ordinary notions about branding soldiers are entirely incorrect. We think we read an account of the process in the *Telegraph* some time ago in which there was an allusion to the Smithfield martyrs or to St. Lawrence and his gridiron. The branding it appears is almost a painless operation, and is said to be necessary in order to prevent bad characters from re-enlisting.

MR. TRAIN (still of the Marshalsea) persuaded Mr. Reverdy Johnson to see Lord Stanley touching the debts of the future President U.S. Lord Stanley, as Secretary for Foreign Affairs, did not see what he had to do with Mr. Train and his railway iron. Mr. Train cruelly retaliated on Mr. Johnson and Lord Stanley by publishing the whole business in his "Extra."

CONSOLS are $94\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ for money, and $94\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{5}{8}$ for the account (Nov. 5). In the railway market prices have improved, and a firmer tone has prevailed. The stocks principally inquired for have been those of the Caledonian, Midland, and Metropolitan. An average business has been done in foreign securities at steady quotations. Colonial Government securities are without alteration. Bank shares have been brisk and mining shares active. The following is from Mr. Satterthwaite's American Circular:—"During the past week there has been an upward tendency in American securities on the London market. United States (1862) Five-twenties have advanced to $73\frac{1}{2}$ to 74, and the (1865) Bonds to $72\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$; the Ten-forty Five per Cents. are also $\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. better, being last quoted $68\frac{1}{2}$ to 69. Illinois Central shares, since our last, improved 97 to $\frac{1}{2}$, but the rapid rise brought in sellers to realize profits, and the price has receded to $95\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{1}{4}$. Erie shares close $31\frac{1}{2}$ to $32\frac{1}{2}$. In Railroad bonds we have to note an active inquiry for Illinois Central Six per Cent. Redemption Stirling Bonds; they leave off 98 to 100 ex the 1st October coupon, being an advance of 2 per cent." The biddings for £200,000 in bills on Calcutta and Madras were held on Wednesday at the Bank of England, when the whole amount was allotted to Calcutta. The minimum price was fixed, as before, at 1s. 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. on both Presidencies, and tenders at 1s. 11 $\frac{3}{4}$ d. will receive about 84 per cent. This result again shows some increase in the demand for means of remittance to the East. With reference to the Alliance Bank, it has been officially announced that Mr. Miller

has resigned his situation as manager, it having come to the knowledge of the Board that he had been engaged in Stock Exchange speculations with the firm of Spencer & Norton, who have since stopped payment. There is no reason to believe that the bank has been directly injured by these speculations; but, through the failure of the brokers named, it will suffer to the extent of about £15,000, the remainder of the debt being covered by sufficient securities.

TENDERS are invited for £400,000 six per cent. bonds of the colony of South Australia under the authority of an Act passed by the Legislature of South Australia on the 19th of December, 1867, to authorize the raising of £811,000 for railway purposes. The allotment will be held at noon on Tuesday, the 13th of October, at the Bank of South Australia, up to which date sealed tenders may be sent in. The remainder of the authorized £811,000 will not be issued till some time next year. It is notified that the transfer books of the Rio de Janeiro City Improvements Company (Limited) will be closed to the 20th inst., "for the preparation and issue of warrants for the payment of a dividend at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum, this day declared in respect of revenue for the half-year ended June 30, 1868, and payable on the 21st day of October instant." The second extraordinary meeting of the Rock Life Assurance Company has been held at the offices, New Bridge-street, when the declaration of a bonus of 2s. 6d. per share, payable with the dividend of 2s. 6d. per share this month, and of 3s. per share, payable by equal instalments in April and October, to the end of the present septennial period, was confirmed. The distribution will consequently be 22s. per share for the next seven years against 17s. 6d. for the last septennial period. At a meeting of the English Joint-Stock Bank called by the liquidators it was announced that 18s. in the pound had been paid to the creditors, and it was expected that the balance would be paid before the end of the year, without making another call upon the shareholders. An audit committee was appointed to investigate the accounts of the liquidators, the expenses so far having been large. The report of the Bank of Victoria, Australia, presented at the half-yearly meeting at Melbourne on the 4th of August, showed an available total of £57,244 (including a previous balance of £21,242), and recommended a dividend at the rate of 10 per cent., an appropriation of £5,000 to bank premises account, and £25,000 to reserve, leaving £2,244 to be carried forward.

A CIRCULAR has been issued announcing the dissolution of the old firm of Smith, Elder, & Co., by the retirement of Mr. George Smith from the home, East Indian, and foreign agency and banking business, and the formation of a new firm for the before-mentioned branch, under the style of "Henry King & Co." Mr. King, who was a partner in the old house for fifteen years, is now the principal, and intends to carry on the business in the same premises at Cornhill and Pall-mall. Mr. George Smith, however, will retain the publishing business of Smith, Elder, & Co. for himself exclusively. Some of the proprietors of the Regent's Canal Company have convened a special meeting for the 28th instant (to be held immediately after the ordinary half-yearly meeting on that day), "to consider the expediency of authorizing the directors to issue at their discretion debenture stock, to bear interest not exceeding the rate of 4 per cent. per annum, pursuant to the authority given by the 73rd section of the Regent's Canal (Limehouse Basin) Act, 1865." Messrs. Thomson, Bonar, & Co. have advertised the dividends due the 17th inst. on the Guaranteed Loan of the Orel-Vitebsk Railway Company; also those due on 1st November on the Russian Three per Cent. Loan of 1859. The numbers are published of 100 bonds amounting to £12,500, of the Chilean Seven per Cent. Loan of 1866, which were drawn by lot on the 2nd inst., and are to be paid off at par on the 1st January next by Messrs. J. S. Morgan & Co. The half-yearly dividends, due on the 10th inst. on the Panama Railway Company's general mortgage bonds, are announced for payment, on and after that date, by Messrs. Brown, Shipley, & Co. The half-yearly interest due the 1st inst. on the Italian State Domain Five per Cent. Loan, is advertised as now payable by the Anglo-Italian Bank (Limited). A prospectus has been issued of the La Luz Silver Mining Company (Limited), with a capital of £50,000 in shares of £2. 10s., to work the mine of that name in the State of Queretaro, about 130 miles north-west of the city of Mexico, and which has lately been favourably reported upon by Mr. John Petherick. A meeting of shareholders of the British Colonial Bank and Loan Company is called for the 6th November, to confirm the resolution for dissolving the company.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"UNDUE INFLUENCE" AT ELECTIONS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "LONDON REVIEW."

SIR,—A great deal of virtuous indignation is being expended in the daily papers against landowners who are, or are supposed to be, what is called "unduly influencing" their tenants to vote for some particular candidate at the coming election. Of course the same charge may be made against employers of labour of all kind. What is "undue influence"? Is persuasive advice undue influence? I am a landlord and an employer of labour; am I therefore not to canvass my tenants and my labourers for their votes? Surely I have as much right to do so as to canvass my grocer or my tobacconist! More than that, I assert that, short of actual violence or threats, which would be ungentlemanly and unnecessary, I have the right to exert my utmost influence as a landlord and an employer of labour to obtain the votes of my tenants and labourers. How otherwise is my property and my stake in the country to be represented? Living in an agricultural district, and all my property being in one county, I have only one vote. My bailiff, under the new Reform Act, has also a vote. The stake of my bailiff in the county is probably limited to a couple of hundred pounds' worth of movable property, while I have many thousands of pounds invested in land. Is it fair that he and I should have an equal voice in electing our country's legislators? Is it likely that I shall let him nullify my vote? I do not object to my bailiff having a vote, nor, indeed, do I object, under certain circumstances, to every man of full age, not in receipt of parochial relief, and not a convicted criminal, having a vote. I should look upon such vote as representing their personal, bodily stake in the country. But then I, too, have a personal, bodily stake in the country, entitling me to a vote; and, beyond that, I have a large landed interest in the country, which is unrepresented. Give me votes according to the rateable annual value of my property, *plus* one vote for my personal, bodily stake, and I am content to give up my influence over my tenants and labourers. Mr. Berkeley can then have the ballot if he pleases. I am entitled to half a dozen votes in an election for guardians of the poor on account of my property; why is that property to be unrepresented in an election for members of Parliament? So long as this is not done—so long as my servant has equal voting power with myself in a contested election—so long shall I continue to get my property represented by influencing my servants' votes, and no reasonable person can object to my doing so.

I, sir, take a very strong interest in political and religious matters; and it would be impossible for me to be in constant intercourse with a tenant or servant who directly differed from me on those matters without much irritation and bitterness of feeling becoming apparent. In fact all cordial relations between us would be at an end. Under these circumstances, is it not better that we should part? But if I dismiss my bailiff, or give notice to a tenant to quit, after he has voted contrary to my wishes, there is at once a howl of pretended indignation at what is called my overbearing conduct. Surely if I discover that a Bradlaugh has unwittingly been allowed to enter my household, I have a right to get rid of him as quickly as possible without being charged with religious or political persecution! What I advise every landowner to do is, never to let in a tenant without first asking him his political opinions. If they agree with the landlord's, well and good; and should the tenant afterwards vote contrary to his previously expressed convictions, he cannot complain of being removed. If the tenant's opinions are not satisfactory, tell him to seek a house or farm elsewhere, as that house or farm has to represent its owner's, and not its occupier's, opinions. What I have said applies, of course, to all political parties alike, from the highest Tory to the most pronounced Radical.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

A BUCKINGHAMSHIRE LANDLORD.

"MR. MOON'S PUNCTUATION."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "LONDON REVIEW."

SIR,—I should have had more pleasure in replying to S. R.'s criticisms on my language, had I found in his letter any evidence of his being a thorough English scholar,—one who is familiar with the proper use of the words which he employs, and who is acquainted with their proper situations in sentences.

He speaks of me as "such a strict and scholarly grammarian". I am much obliged to him for the compliment intended to be conveyed; and perhaps it is scarcely courteous to criticise it; but, as S. R.'s letter is on the subject of correct writing, I may be allowed to say, that I should have valued the compliment more highly had it been conveyed in grammatical language.

The phrase, "such a strict and scholarly grammarian", is incorrect. It should be, "so strict and scholarly a grammarian". "Such" may qualify a noun; *e. g.*, "such a grammarian"; but "so" is the proper word to use when qualifying an adjective or an adverb; *e. g.*, "so strict and scholarly".

With regard to the arrangement of words, here is an elegant phrase for a critic to have written:—

"Moreover, that ugly (and useless, in the instances in which Mr. Moon has used it) combination," &c.

What a horrid dissonance of words!—"and useless, in the instances in which Mr. Moon has used it".

But, supposing the words to be the best that could have been chosen, why needlessly separate the adjective "useless" from its noun "combination"? The correct arrangement of the words would have been;—

"Moreover, that ugly (and, in the instances in which Mr. Moon has used it, useless) combination," &c.

As for punctuation, why does S. R. inclose in inverted commas certain points which belong not to the quotation, but to his own sentence? For instance, I read:—

"Here it is allowable to insert a comma after the word 'language.'"

The period after "language" should have been placed *outside* the inverted commas. Again, a few lines lower down in the same paragraph, I read:—

"Although it would not be incorrect if another were inserted after 'indignation;'"

The semicolon after "indignation" should have been placed outside the inverted commas; because, like the period in the foregoing sentence, it forms no part of the quotation.

S. R. is either ignorant of the laws of the language, or he has purposely withheld from the readers of the LONDON REVIEW, the fact that, on the question respecting the propriety of sometimes placing a comma between the nominative and the verb, there exists among grammarians considerable difference of opinion.

Goold Brown, the author of by far the best grammar of the English language, says;—

"In regard to the admission of a comma before the verb, neither the practice of authors nor the doctrine of punctuators is entirely uniform; but, where a considerable pause is, and must be, made in the reading, I judge it not only allowable, but necessary, to mark it in writing. In the following examples a pupil of mine would have put a comma after *sake*, and after *dispenses*: 'The vanity that would accept power for its own sake is the pettiest of human passions.'—'Day's Punctuation,' p. 75. 'The generous *delight* of beholding the happiness he dispenses is the highest enjoyment of man.'—*Ib.*, p. 100."

I am, Sir, yours respectfully,

G. WASHINGTON MOON.

2, College-crescent, Belsize Park, N.W.

MEMORANDA.

MR. CHARLES DICKENS gave the first of his farewell series of Readings in St. James's Hall on Tuesday evening. It is perhaps unnecessary to say that the hall was densely crowded; that the audience was evidently in a sort of electric condition of sympathy with the reader, and was at one moment broadly laughing only to be using pocket handkerchiefs, in a covert way, the next; and that Mr. Dickens read the selections from his works—Dr. Marigold and the trial-scene from *Pickwick*—in that charming style of delivery which distinguishes him from the ordinary elocutionist. We have never seen any artist so completely master of his audience as Mr. Dickens is when he thus appeals to the public. The next Reading takes place on the 20th inst., when Mr. Dickens will give some passages from "*David Copperfield*," and exhibit the peculiarities of Mrs. Gamp.

The Christmas annuals are beginning to be talked about. Among these there will appear, we understand, a Drawing-room Almanac, which, at the end of the year, is to epitomize the fashionable intelligence, the amusements in-door and out, and the music and art of the season. This almanac will further contain lists of all the presentations to her Majesty, so that a great number of people will have the fact of their having received that honour permanently recorded.

The *Belgravia Annual* will have a good range of topics, treated by several authors of more or less celebrity in magazine literature.

Miss Braddon will contribute two tales, and Mr. Babington White has undertaken to tell us the "true story of Don Juan." Mr. Tom Hood, Miss Annie Thomas, and Mr. Dutton Cook are also among the contributors.

On the 24th inst. Mr. Mapleson will begin a short season of Italian opera at Covent Garden. That Mr. Mapleson should open at this house, while Her Majesty's is being rebuilt, may mean nothing beyond the fact that Mr. Gye has been courteous to his old rival. But it may also mean that the rumours of a probable alliance between the two houses have some foundation in fact, which, in the interest of all opera-lovers, we should deplore. Many a time have opera-goers been perplexed by the persistence of the two houses in playing on the same night; but these casual inconveniences are preferable to the inevitable deterioration of opera which would result from an understanding between the two managers.

We are shortly to have another French company at the St. James's. Mlle. La Ferté, of the Vaudeville, is about to open the theatre for the production of operettas and farces, of the approved Parisian flavour we presume. The first musical piece to be presented, says the *Orchestra*, is an adaptation of Offenbach's "*Chanson de Fortunio*," with the *libretto* somewhat pruned.

Has the reader heard of the "Singing Pilgrim"? According to the *Christian Times*, the gentleman's name is Phillips, and he has devoted an extraordinary musical talent to the singing of hymns. In America "he went about the country holding Sunday-school music conventions, giving instruction *gratis*, but selling melodies and pieces for a living." He has "sung the Gospel, by God's blessing, into the hearts of many thousands of weeping listeners." The "Singing Pilgrim" has already appeared in the Metropolitan Tabernacle, and proposes to take a provincial tour.

Patti—and we are glad to learn that the Marchioness de Caux prefers to be called by the old and familiar name—is to sing thrice in Brussels on her way to St. Petersburg. She has never sung in Brussels before. Mlle. Nilsson goes next month to Berlin, where she will remain until January, 1869. The Berliners seem to have set their hearts on the production of "*Hamlet*," with the story of which, as it surrounds the Danish throne with all sorts of evils and troubles, they may have some political sympathy.

Victor Hugo will have his novel finished next month, when it will be handed over to his publishers, who have given £8,000 for it. M. Hugo has also undertaken to let those gentlemen have two more volumes from his ready pen. The one is a poem called "*The End of Satan*," the other is to contain a drama and two comedies.

"Many of our readers," says the *Leader*, "will remember Miss Riviére, who more than thirty years ago was the leading soprano of that day. She subsequently married Sir Henry Bishop, the composer, from whom she parted and went to America. This lady, after travelling all over the world, including the Celestial Empire, has married again, and is now in Australia giving concerts. Time, we are happy to hear, has dealt tenderly with her person and voice. She is reported to sing as finely and to look as attractive as ever."

Mr. J. Palgrave Simpson's "*Time and the Hour*" is being performed at the Boston Museum, and Edmund Yates's "*Black Sheep*" is to follow. In the same city three different versions of "*Foul Play*" are being performed, with two versions of the burlesque founded on the piece. Boston ought to know the *Once a Week* story pretty well when these five pieces are withdrawn.

Lady Don is now playing at the Plymouth Theatre, after an absence of five years. She has already appeared in "*Under the Gaslight*," and in the burlesque of "*Orpheus and Eurydice*."

Signor Gaetani Gattinelli has written for one of the Florentine theatres—the Politeanca—a drama on the life of Milton. The author, who has the honorary title of Chevalier, was formerly an actor of some note, and since his retirement from the stage has written several dramas, of which the Florentines seem to think well. The latest of his plays is not, as might be imagined, founded on that romantic story of a young Italian lady falling in love with the handsome Englishman as he lay asleep in a wood during his tour in Tuscany: it has reference to the later years of Milton's life, and is based on political rather than on amatory grounds. The author, in fact, has applied English incidents and principles of the seventeenth century to the Continental Europe of the present day, just as Addison turned Cato into an exponent of the Whiggism of the reign of Anne. In Signor Gattinelli's play Milton declaims about the brotherhood of the human race, the overthrow of priestly tyranny at Rome, the unity and independence of Italy, the enlightenment and regeneration of Spain, the emancipation of Germany from the despotism of the Hapsburgs, &c. This sort of essay-writing in verse would be intolerable to an English audience of the present day, but the Florentines appear to like it. Some strange and purely imaginary scenes between Milton and Charles II. are introduced, with a view to bringing out the incorruptible nature of the poet; but the oddest incident is where the monarch, in the character of a bookseller, offers Milton £1,000 down for the copyright of "*Paradise Lost*," a manuscript of which he has obtained in some extraordinary way when in exile, and which he greatly admires, and is constantly perusing! The poet refuses the bargain, because he has already received that famous £5 from Samuel Simmons, the publisher; but he makes his visitor an offer of "*Paradise Regained*" instead. Signor Gattinelli has made a good deal out of Milton's domestic troubles, with which, however, he has taken some liberties. Report speaks rather favourably of the production; but the Milton of the author is certainly a very Italian Milton, differing considerably from the English original.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

WORK-A-DAY BRIERS.*

In the book before us we have something almost new in modern fiction—a novel without a murder. The passion for slaughter which some writers seem to possess is one of the most curious of literary symptoms. No doubt the web of life is woven with many red threads; and it is not to the well-regulated use of murder, as art-material, that we can reasonably object. We would not dispense with "Macbeth" or "Lear" on any consideration; but a succession of "Macbeths" or "Lears," with their plots not taken from tradition or history, but from modern slums, and certainly not written by a succession of Shakespeares, would be an intolerable nuisance. Yet that is something like what we have experienced during the last twenty years; and Heaven knows that the accumulation of sewage has sorely tried the temper of sanitary commissioners in the literary domain. It is difficult to say whether there has been any actual abatement of the offence, but it is satisfactory to know that all writers have not bent the knee to Baal; so that we have had, even recently, numerous bright examples of stories coming up to the best standard of fiction, with no scent of blood about them. We do not mean to say that "Work-a-day Briers" is among the best of the bloodless fictions, but that it should be one of them at all is itself a merit, when we consider how great must have been the temptation on the part of the author to make it otherwise. It almost seems as if the author had, in the present tale, resolved once again to show how interesting and attractive the simple chronicling of every-day events could be made in a plain style and by keeping within the boundaries of the probable. There is nothing in the range of these three volumes which the ordinary reader may not have seen in the course of his personal experience. The incidents of the tale are everyday events everywhere. The sowing of wild oats and wind, with their natural harvests of debts and whirlwind; love, marriage, death, and second wedlock; thwarted love avenging itself in a runaway marriage pursued by sorrow; match-making in the cradle threatening to break two hearts and ruin one human soul; the picture of a household with an easy father, and the control of a mother suddenly withdrawn—these, with innumerable bits of padding, which are necessary to give life something like dramatic consistency, form the tissue of "Work-a-day Briers," which, in spite of the simplicity of its materials, has a quiet, insinuating fascination about it that keeps the spell pretty close upon the reader to the end of the last chapter.

There is truth in the old remark that the simplest human life, if properly exhibited, is full of dramatic interest. But it is so, we apprehend, not wholly from the succession of visible incident which arrests the eye, but largely, also, from what the visible suggests of the secret undercurrents of human existence. If the imagination were not drawn beyond the surface to the springs and issues of life, the world would soon lose the better half of its significance and value. It is by making a proper use of this suggestive quality in vital phenomena, and of the tendency of the imagination to glance beneath and beyond those phenomena, that the story-teller exerts his greatest power. It is a common enough thing to find a man like Colonel Fosbrooke, over sixty years of age, a lonely widower, and in debt, yet with a keen desire for human companionship. We sympathize with him in his bereavement, and cannot condemn him much, if at all, when he marries a second time, taking for his bride a beautiful young creature, nameless and penniless. That this second wife also should die, leaving behind her a daughter, is in no way miraculous, though little Lavinia Fosbrooke grows into a miracle of beauty. But why is Colonel Fosbrooke so deeply in debt to Macleod & Alderson, bankers at Craywich? That is a secret which is allowed to lie unrevealed like a shadow in the background of the picture. There is a scent of wild oats in the air, that is all. Macleod & Alderson are, however, very forbearing creditors, for banking has flourished with them, and they have a great desire to keep the business together in the event of anything mortal occurring to them. But how? They are both widowers—Alderson forty years of age, with two daughters, and his partner an old man with only one baby granddaughter, little Maggie Macleod. Had it been the fortune of Thomas Alderson to have a son, he and Maggie might have been married in due season, and the business of the bank held together by the united families. Fond and canny old Macleod,

to drop such a hint! Yet either the hint had instant efficacy, or Thomas Alderson had already been brooding on the subject, for shortly afterwards he marries Anne Hope, a radiant creature, rich in wifely genius, though not in money. In less than a year old Macleod has his wish; an heir is born to his partner, and no sooner born and christened Hugh Alderson than he and Maggie are betrothed—foreordained to be man and wife by these two fatherly representatives of Providence. In these brief statements are compressed the premises of the novelist, who works out with great patience and skill, by pure and legitimate processes, the conclusion of the story. Baby betrothals are rather risky affairs, if they can even be called fair or just; and we don't know whether the writer is warranted in subjecting Hugh and Maggie to an ordeal which might have led to grievous momentous issues. Love, like the weather, is beyond human decrees; though it is possible to modify the aim and effect of it by a variety of amiable and interested instrumentalities. In such a case as the one under consideration, the boy is naturally exposed to the greater danger. Maggie is a quiet, obedient, and altogether worthy creature, and sees cause to admire and ultimately love her fated husband. But Hugh, who is a tall, handsome, impulsive, and, in the main, generous youth, ranging about the world more largely than Maggie, finds cause to detest the paternal compact by which, without his own will, he had been bound to the lady not of his own choice. For of course the young lad falls in love with Lavinia Fosbrooke, the sparkling, splendid, affectionate creature, and she returns his love. But, fortunately, the love of neither has been put into verbal or written confession, so that when Hugh comes of age, and he must wed Maggie Macleod, he is at liberty to do so legally, though he acts from a singular, and not very lofty mixture of motives. He loves Lavinia, and does not dislike Maggie; but at Oxford he had got deeply into debt, which rankles like an unconfessed crime at his heart; and as Lavinia has no money, he sees that the only way to clear off his pecuniary obligations, is to marry Maggie, who will make him a rich husband by the dowry she will bring. It must be said, however, in Hugh's favour, that certain feelings of filial affection also urge him to decide against Lavinia and his own fiercer impulses. His father and mother and old Macleod had set their hearts upon this marriage—staked their happiness upon it, in fact; and he saw clearly—no doubt, more clearly because he was in debt—that if he refused to accede to the wishes of his parents he should make them miserable in their old age. How could a dutiful son do that? So this marriage, which may be said to have been made in the bank parlour rather than in heaven, is at length consummated, and the bank business is saved. When Hugh is being married in Craywich, his sister Cicilia, Mrs. George Langhorne, is dying in London. George Langhorne, younger son of Squire Langhorne, of the Hoo, Craywich, is an immensely clever fellow, a first-rate classical scholar, and a born politician. But in the eyes of Mr. Alderson, who is a Tory, all these excellent qualities are more than neutralized by the fact that George is a Whig; and therefore, although he captivates the charming Cicilia Alderson, and claims her for his bride, the banker, in refusing his suit, all but kicks the audacious lover out of his office. But neither Toryism nor Whiggery, nor any other political pestilence, can quench the love of that incomparable pair of lovers, whose trust in each other is perfect. When, therefore, the genius of young Langhorne attracts the notice of his party, and he gets such employment as enables him to keep a wife, he and Cicilia, their suit being again refused, make an excursion to Scotland, and return to London man and wife. The inexorable banker casts his daughter off, but her mother, though grieved at the elopement, is sadly sympathetic. George and Cicilia live in London for some time happily, and at first in affluence, but latterly somewhat straitened in means; when the poor wife, naturally delicate, catches a cold which results in consumption and death. Had the Toryism of the father been less exacting, or the passion of the Whig lover less consuming, beautiful Cicilia might have been spared some years longer. Who is to blame—Tory father or Whig lover—we leave to the casuists to decide. George Langhorne does not marry again; but he fulfils the early promise of his genius by entering the House of Commons through a pocket-borough, and becoming famous as a member of Parliament. But that is sixty years since.

The merits of this tale are peculiar. It is not brilliant; but neither is it flashy; at no time does it take the breath from the reader, but it leaves him his common sense; and if it does not convey a consuming impression of the genius of the author, we find that, after we have enjoyed an excellent tale, the whole course of nature remains undisturbed,—we have sunlight, moonlight, and the dewy stars, and personally, we are not crushed

* *Work-a-day Briers*. By the Author of "The Two Anastasias." Three vols. London: Richard Bentley.

with a feeling of our own eternal insignificance. It is a piece of unpretending chronicling—pure and simple story-telling. Some incidents appear to have occurred over sixty years ago, of which these volumes give an account. When it is all over we remember the incidents, but not the language, of the tale. The story seems to tell itself, and that is a meed of praise which is by no means easily won. It flows on smoothly and quietly to the end, and does not let the reader go until the last page is exhausted. In short, "Work-a-day Briers" is neither a great, nor a professedly clever tale; but it is a piece of good wholesome English fiction, interesting to the end, without the aid of either a murder or a mystery.

IRISH STATE TRIALS.*

THE defences offered on behalf of the Fenian prisoners in Ireland present some new aspects of that peculiar phase of sentiment known as Irish nationality. We cannot but admire the artistic ingenuity with which Mr. Heron has contrived to invest most of the ragged conspirators with an interest which may become historical; nor can we help feeling that many of his remarks ought to have more weight with us than the mere windy flourishes of an advocate. Mr. Heron seemed to throw himself heart and soul into his work. His task was rendered exceedingly difficult, not only from the state of the public mind, but from the manner in which the prosecutions had been prepared by the Government. While we cannot blame a Government for defending itself when its authority is directly set at defiance, neither can we close our eyes to one thing, at least, that the Executive in dealing with the Fenians employed a system of tactics which leaves us somewhat to reproach ourselves with. The informer is an invariable feature in all trials for conspiracy; but in the Fenian trials these unpleasant instruments figured with a sad prominence. The fellows knew their business thoroughly, and endeavoured to hang their companions with a dogged and even ferocious energy which left their partners the detectives nothing to desire. It is not altogether with unmingled satisfaction that we learn how the police kept an under-staff of spies, who were directly interested in promoting the revolution which the Crown was afterwards to suppress. At times, in going through these narratives, and excluding the graces with which Mr. Heron has thought it requisite to invest them, we are impressed with the disagreeable idea that the conspiracy was in no little measure nursed. Of course, in using this phrase we refer to the agents employed and organized to put down Fenianism; in many cases there appears evidence that they were not undesirous of setting it up for the purpose of putting it down.

To a politician who wishes to understand in part the modern rebellious spirit which distracts Ireland, we should recommend a perusal of these addresses. The native fervour which glows through them is in itself not uninteresting. Mr. Heron, indeed, was able to do little more than perorate, to use the Yankee phrase. He was industrious enough in seeking points, and when he got them he made the most of them; but he was constantly obliged to fall back on appeals to the jury. In this latter division of his course he must have been very effective. He left nothing in the history of his country untouched that would serve him. He was bold and courageous; almost, indeed, too bold in the tone of his advocacy. For instance, apostrophising two of the prisoners on one occasion, he remarks:—"If you had lived in Scotland, if you had lived in England, how different would have been your fate. If you had lived in England you would have had a share in the wealth and prosperity of that mighty realm. If you had lived in Scotland you would have been devoted to your clan, and to your chief, and you would have been loyal to that sovereign the sunshine of whose presence so often illuminates that country." The latter part of this sentence is, at least, true, and when Mr. Heron proceeds to picture deserted seaports, waste lands, and an emigrating peasantry, he follows up the recital with a comparison of the attitude of the Prussian Government towards what he calls its Ireland, with the position we hold towards the country of Fenians. Whether this was a judicious defence Mr. Heron perhaps ought to know best; but it seems to us to have involved a declaration of the guilt of his clients. They were charged with levying war against the Queen, and certainly the jury were not to decide whether their cause was good or bad. If her Majesty chooses to reside in Balmoral, the circumstance does not go far to justify Captain M'Clure and others in an attempt to organize a rebellion and a civil war. However, Mr. Heron did not limit his advocacy to bursts of patriotism. Whenever he could

manage to shield his unfortunate clients with a statute-book, he took every pains to do so.

The cases of "The Queen v. Pigott" and "The Queen v. Sullivan" were of a different character from the others. These men were accused of writing seditious libels. Mr. Pigott was the editor and publisher of the *Irishman*; Mr. Sullivan conducted the *Nation*. Both these journals are not without a great deal of talent, although marked by an excitable vehemence of tone which occasionally renders them in an extreme degree ridiculous. The *Nation* is a long-established organ. It was started by Charles Gavin Duffy, at the time when what was called the "Young Ireland" party separated from the O'Connellites. Mr. Duffy (now a Minister of the Crown in Australia) is a keen and logical writer, as well as a forcible one; and his original staff included Thomas Davis, and other gentlemen of mistaken zeal, but of evident scholarship, capacity, and taste. Since his relinquishment of the *Nation*, that paper has been rivalled in its bids for patriotic favour by the *Irishman*. The *Nation* is hot, but the *Irishman* is red hot. Pikes bristle constantly in its leading articles; nicknames are flung at the brutal Saxon; we are told that our men are tyrants, our women immodest, our whole nature cruel and corrupt. During the excitement of the Manchester trials, the *Irishman* outdid itself; and when it was necessary to hang the Fenian prisoners for the murder of Brett the policeman, the *Irishman* decorated itself with black fringes, and came out into the streets with a howl that sent it up briskly among the news-vendors. The Government found, however, that they must draw the line somewhere. Mr. Pigott was prosecuted. Mr. Heron's defence of an article headed "The Holocaust" was that it was nothing more than a reasonable journalistic commentary on the Manchester trials. We cannot agree with him that "The Holocaust" was written "with singular ability." The style is exceedingly coarse and tawdry. It might be described in two words—froth and buncombe. But it is a question whether the Executive might not have allowed the fine talk to pass. The jury, despite Mr. Heron's very able defence, found Mr. Pigott guilty. They were shopkeepers, fellow-citizens of the prisoner, and men possessing a stake in the country which Mr. Pigott was so anxious to "set free." They did not accept his sympathy with the nationalist rioters, nor condemn us for having done our best to suppress them. Their decision may be fairly said to be our best excuse against any charge of over-severity or irrational cruelty. Mr. Sullivan, who edits the *Nation*, has continued the traditional policy of that paper with considerable power of a certain order. He wields his pen like a shillelagh, and brings it down upon our heavy sconces once a week, to the delectation of a numerous circle of admirers. He is much respected (and, indeed, so is Mr. Pigott) personally, and this sentiment must be taken into account when we remember that the jury also found him guilty of writing seditious articles. The temper of the man may be judged from the fact that during the Indian mutiny he published papers in honour of the Cawnpore and other massacres, informing the British public that their soldiers were only getting what they richly deserved. In his speech in this case Mr. Heron went over a well-trodden historical ground, and epitomized the different Irish rebellions that have distracted and retarded the progress of the country. It was not for articles in the *Nation* that Mr. Sullivan was prosecuted, but for pictures in an affiliated and cheaper journal called the *Weekly News*. One of those pictures was coloured green, and a special charge was made that this colour, as well as a piece of advice in an advertisement relative to wearing it at a sympathetic procession in honour of the Manchester "martyrs," was seditious. Mr. Heron insisted that green was the national colour of Ireland, and that it should not be condemned as a mere party emblem. Was not the shamrock green? and when St. Patrick wished to convert the Pagans did he not use this beautiful trefoil as representative of the Trinity? "Our mythical and traditional flag the 'Sunburst,' the sun bursting from the clouds and shining on the green field, is one of the most ancient Pagan symbols representing the bounty of nature." Ireland was described by the poets as a beautiful woman in a green gown. Pope Adrian sent an "emerald" ring with his famous Bull to Henry II. Behind Mr. Speaker's chair in the House, the harp without the crown on the green shield stands for Ireland. And so on. This certainly was a picturesque and ingenious mode of pleading, but Mr. Heron knows it was only by the Government preventing such displays that lives were saved over and over again in the north of Ireland. The Orangemen will have their orange flag, and the Green men a green flag, and then murder sets in as an accompaniment to the emblems.

* The Speeches of Denis Caulfield Heron, Q.C., in the Cases of the Queen v. Pigott, the Queen v. Sullivan, &c.

We have noted particularly in reading these speeches the fact that the Fenian trials must have been very inefficiently reported during their progress. Mr. Heron brings them before us freshly and vividly, and, from his unusual literary acquirements, he has managed to impart to his defences an air of reading and scholarship which may preserve them for some time from the common fate of such effusions.

RECENT FRENCH LITERATURE.*

THIS Report, sufficiently described by its title, is divided into three heads, Fiction, Poetry, and the Drama; the different sections are taken by the different authors, in the order in which they stand in the title, M. de Sacy furnishing what he calls a preliminary discourse, which appears to us rather barren.

The first thing which strikes an Englishman, turning over the pages of this Report, is that Frenchmen cannot be correct in literary matters which are extra-national. This is an old topic, but nobody can explain the fact. Englishmen can spell correctly the names of French and German authors. True, you sometimes note such an error as *combat à l'outrance* (for *combat à outrance*), or Goëthe, for Goethe, in an English magazine or newspaper; but, considering the finish of French writing in general, and the fact that this Report is published under the superintendence of the Imperial Government, it is a little surprising to find the name Goethe persistently, and without exception, printed Goëthe. There are, as usual in French literature, droll mistakes about Englishmen. Thus, we are informed (p. 110) that "Thomas Hook, l'humouriste et le caricaturiste Anglais," wrote his own epitaph beforehand in the words, "Il fit la chanson de la chemise." The refrain of Edgar Allan Poe's "Raven" is quoted as, "Never, oh! never more!" Martin, the painter, is Martynn. Goldsmith "sut extraire toute la saveur de son adorable récit." "The Vicar of Wakefield" out of "Clarissa Harlowe." It is impossible to criticise this, for one cannot even guess what M. Paul Féval means by it. More contestable, because more intelligible, is the statement that, with the exception of Charles Dickens, all the English novelists have, in turn, drawn upon the same book. It would be nearer the truth to say that only a very few of the recent English novelists had ever read a line of Richardson. It is astonishing what odd remarks foreigners make about English books. Comte somewhere praises the keen moral vision of Byron. Goethe remarked that all cultivated people ought to take up Sterne's works again, in order that the nineteenth century might know how much it owed to him, and how much it might owe to him. An Englishman who thinks he heartily appreciates both Byron and Sterne is simply baffled by criticisms like these, evidently based as they are upon total misapprehensions. The most accomplished master of a foreign tongue loses much in reading works of imagination; but perhaps it is not solely English vanity, if we say that English writers of the same rank as those who are now in question really do not seem to get so far afield with the same amount of self-complacency.

It is not necessary to say that this review of recent French literature is full of neat, incisive writing, and that it abounds in felicities of illustration and expression. One of the happiest of the occasional touches is that which takes the reader into the poison-garden of Hawthorne's story of "Rappaccini's Daughter," to illustrate the comments upon Baudelaire and his "Fleurs du Mal." M. de Sainte-Beuve receives honour for initiating what M. Gautier calls the "rehabilitation of the sonnet" by the line—

"Ne ris pas des sonnets, ô critique moqueur!"

But M. de Sainte-Beuve was deliberately quoting Wordsworth. The following description of the muse of the song proper is too good to be either omitted or translated:—

"La chanson est une muse bonne fille qui permet la plaisanterie et laisse un peu chiffonner son fichu, pourvu que la main soit légère; elle trempe volontiers ses lèvres roses dans le verre du poëte où pétillie l'écumé d'argent du vin de Champagne. A un mot risqué elle répond par un franc éclat de rire qui montre ses dents blanches et ses genives vermeilles. Mais sa gaieté n'a rien de malsain, et nos aïeux la faisaient patricieusement asseoir sur leur genou."

In the report which relates to the drama, the notices of the genius and career of Rachel strike us as being very discriminating. What is said of Victor Hugo is slightly vague;

* Rapport sur le Progrès des Lettres. Par MM. Sylvestre de Sacy, Paul Féval, Théophile Gautier, et Ed. Thierry. (Publication faite sous les Auspices du Ministère de l'Instruction Publique. Recueil de Rapports sur les Progrès des Lettres et des Sciences en France.) Paris: Imprimé par l'Autorisation de son Exc. le Garde des Sceaux, à l'Imprimerie Impériale: Hachette et Cie.

nobody could well miss his great points; but neither in England nor in France does he appear to have *minutely* watchful students. The one thing which most powerfully strikes the reader of this Report is, however, as might be expected, an unbroken glitter of intelligence, without any strong *morale* implied. Ethical considerations do not come to the front in a report upon the state of a nation's literature; but the heart of a nation is inevitably reflected in the literature of emotion—fiction, poetry, the drama; and the moral progress of a nation could be gathered from the same source. There is a kind of irony in the subdued counsel, given to authors in this Report, to be cautious in broaching ideas or sentiments which may have any sinister bearing upon public order. But, taken as a mere literary review, the Report is well worth reading, and full of matter.

ALDERSLEIGH.*

ALL things work together for the good of them that love the Church, uphold the Constitution, worship the Queen, hate Radicalism, loathe modern philosophy, and denounce trades' unions. That is about the creed of this book. After reading parts of it, one feels almost certain that God made the Tories, and that the devil made the Whigs—or at least the Radicals. It is the commendable ambition of the author to be strong and true: we must say that he succeeds frequently in being feeble and false. Mr. Riethmüller indulges in the weak habit of naming the persons of his story after their presumed virtues or vices. There is, for instance, the vicar of Aldersleigh, Dr. Goodenough, who is better than his name indicates. On the same principle of nomenclature, the coarse, vulgar, upstart merchant prince and ultra-Radical member of Parliament, Mr. Higgins, ought to have been called Mr. Badenough. His name, however, is bad enough as it is, and as it is doubtless meant to be. Then, a sharp lawyer is named Sharp; a strong-minded lawyer is named Strong; a "gigantic mill-owner" is called Bobbins; a crotchety man is called Crotchet; a soft-headed philanthropist is named Maudlin; a man who gives all his sympathies to foreign countries, so that he has none left for his own, bears the name of Cosmopolite; a follower of Auguste Comte is dubbed Professor Positive; a literary critic is dignified with the name of Prig; and a rough, good-natured labouring man, who turns out to be heir of Aldersleigh, is of course christened Jack Rough. Such a method of naming persons is the very trickery of art, which Mr. Riethmüller could bring to perfection by simply numbering instead of naming the characters of his next novel, in the same manner as New York numbers its streets. This would at least be an honestly confessed, not a patched, poverty of invention.

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* Aldersleigh. A Tale. By Christopher James Riethmüller, Author of "Teuton." London: Bell & Daldy.

with a feeling of our own eternal insignificance. It is a piece of unpretending chronicling—pure and simple story-telling. Some incidents appear to have occurred over sixty years ago, of which these volumes give an account. When it is all over we remember the incidents, but not the language, of the tale. The story seems to tell itself, and that is a meed of praise which is by no means easily won. It flows on smoothly and quietly to the end, and does not let the reader go until the last page is exhausted. In short, "Work-a-day Briers" is neither a great, nor a professedly clever tale; but it is a piece of good wholesome English fiction, interesting to the end, without the aid of either a murder or a mystery.

IRISH STATE TRIALS.*

THE defences offered on behalf of the Fenian prisoners in Ireland present some new aspects of that peculiar phase of sentiment known as Irish nationality. We cannot but admire the artistic ingenuity with which Mr. Heron has contrived to invest most of the ragged conspirators with an interest which may become historical; nor can we help feeling that many of his remarks ought to have more weight with us than the mere windy flourishes of an advocate. Mr. Heron seemed to throw himself heart and soul into his work. His task was rendered exceedingly difficult, not only from the state of the public mind, but from the manner in which the prosecutions had been prepared by the Government. While we cannot blame a Government for defending itself when its authority is directly set at defiance, neither can we close our eyes to one thing, at least, that the Executive in dealing with the Fenians employed a system of tactics which leaves us somewhat to reproach ourselves with. The informer is an invariable feature in all trials for conspiracy; but in the Fenian trials these unpleasant instruments figured with a sad prominence. The fellows knew their business thoroughly, and endeavoured to hang their companions with a dogged and even ferocious energy which left their partners the detectives nothing to desire. It is not altogether with unmingled satisfaction that we learn how the police kept an under-staff of spies, who were directly interested in promoting the revolution which the Crown was afterwards to suppress. At times, in going through these narratives, and excluding the graces with which Mr. Heron has thought it requisite to invest them, we are impressed with the disagreeable idea that the conspiracy was in no little measure nursed. Of course, in using this phrase we refer to the agents employed and organized to put down Fenianism; in many cases there appears evidence that they were not undesirous of setting it up for the purpose of putting it down.

To a politician who wishes to understand in part the modern rebellious spirit which distracts Ireland, we should recommend a perusal of these addresses. The native fervour which glows through them is in itself not uninteresting. Mr. Heron, indeed, was able to do little more than perorate, to use the Yankee phrase. He was industrious enough in seeking points, and when he got them he made the most of them; but he was constantly obliged to fall back on appeals to the jury. In this latter division of his course he must have been very effective. He left nothing in the history of his country untouched that would serve him. He was bold and courageous; almost, indeed, too bold in the tone of his advocacy. For instance, apostrophising two of the prisoners on one occasion, he remarks:—"If you had lived in Scotland, if you had lived in England, how different would have been your fate. If you had lived in England you would have had a share in the wealth and prosperity of that mighty realm. If you had lived in Scotland you would have been devoted to your clan, and to your chief, and you would have been loyal to that sovereign the sunshine of whose presence so often illuminates that country." The latter part of this sentence is, at least, true, and when Mr. Heron proceeds to picture deserted seaports, waste lands, and an emigrating peasantry, he follows up the recital with a comparison of the attitude of the Prussian Government towards what he calls its Ireland, with the position we hold towards the country of Fenians. Whether this was a judicious defence Mr. Heron perhaps ought to know best; but it seems to us to have involved a declaration of the guilt of his clients. They were charged with levying war against the Queen, and certainly the jury were not to decide whether their cause was good or bad. If her Majesty chooses to reside in Balmoral, the circumstance does not go far to justify Captain McClure and others in an attempt to organize a rebellion and a civil war. However, Mr. Heron did not limit his advocacy to bursts of patriotism. Whenever he could

manage to shield his unfortunate clients with a statute-book, he took every pains to do so.

The cases of "The Queen v. Pigott" and "The Queen v. Sullivan" were of a different character from the others. These men were accused of writing seditious libels. Mr. Pigott was the editor and publisher of the *Irishman*; Mr. Sullivan conducted the *Nation*. Both these journals are not without a great deal of talent, although marked by an excitable vehemence of tone which occasionally renders them in an extreme degree ridiculous. The *Nation* is a long-established organ. It was started by Charles Gavin Duffy, at the time when what was called the "Young Ireland" party separated from the O'Connellites. Mr. Duffy (now a Minister of the Crown in Australia) is a keen and logical writer, as well as a forcible one; and his original staff included Thomas Davis, and other gentlemen of mistaken zeal, but of evident scholarship, capacity, and taste. Since his relinquishment of the *Nation*, that paper has been rivalled in its bids for patriotic favour by the *Irishman*. The *Nation* is hot, but the *Irishman* is red hot. Pikes bristle constantly in its leading articles; nicknames are flung at the brutal Saxon; we are told that our men are tyrants, our women immodest, our whole nature cruel and corrupt. During the excitement of the Manchester trials, the *Irishman* outdid itself; and when it was necessary to hang the Fenian prisoners for the murder of Brett the policeman, the *Irishman* decorated itself with black fringes, and came out into the streets with a howl that sent it up briskly among the news-vendors. The Government found, however, that they must draw the line somewhere. Mr. Pigott was prosecuted. Mr. Heron's defence of an article headed "The Holocaust" was that it was nothing more than a reasonable journalistic commentary on the Manchester trials. We cannot agree with him that "The Holocaust" was written "with singular ability." The style is exceedingly coarse and tawdry. It might be described in two words—froth and buncombe. But it is a question whether the Executive might not have allowed the fine talk to pass. The jury, despite Mr. Heron's very able defence, found Mr. Pigott guilty. They were shopkeepers, fellow-citizens of the prisoner, and men possessing a stake in the country which Mr. Pigott was so anxious to "set free." They did not accept his sympathy with the nationalist rioters, nor condemn us for having done our best to suppress them. Their decision may be fairly said to be our best excuse against any charge of over-severity or irrational cruelty. Mr. Sullivan, who edits the *Nation*, has continued the traditional policy of that paper with considerable power of a certain order. He wields his pen like a shillelagh, and brings it down upon our heavy sconces once a week, to the delectation of a numerous circle of admirers. He is much respected (and, indeed, so is Mr. Pigott) personally, and this sentiment must be taken into account when we remember that the jury also found him guilty of writing seditious articles. The temper of the man may be judged from the fact that during the Indian mutiny he published papers in honour of the Cawnpore and other massacres, informing the British public that their soldiers were only getting what they richly deserved. In his speech in this case Mr. Heron went over a well-trodden historical ground, and epitomized the different Irish rebellions that have distracted and retarded the progress of the country. It was not for articles in the *Nation* that Mr. Sullivan was prosecuted, but for pictures in an affiliated and cheaper journal called the *Weekly News*. One of those pictures was coloured green, and a special charge was made that this colour, as well as a piece of advice in an advertisement relative to wearing it at a sympathetic procession in honour of the Manchester "martyrs," was seditious. Mr. Heron insisted that green was the national colour of Ireland, and that it should not be condemned as a mere party emblem. Was not the shamrock green? and when St. Patrick wished to convert the Pagans did he not use this beautiful trefoil as representative of the Trinity? "Our mythical and traditional flag the 'Sunburst,' the sun bursting from the clouds and shining on the green field, is one of the most ancient Pagan symbols representing the bounty of nature." Ireland was described by the poets as a beautiful woman in a green gown. Pope Adrian sent an "emerald" ring with his famous Bull to Henry II. Behind Mr. Speaker's chair in the House, the harp without the crown on the green shield stands for Ireland. And so on. This certainly was a picturesque and ingenious mode of pleading, but Mr. Heron knows it was only by the Government preventing such displays that lives were saved over and over again in the north of Ireland. The Orangemen will have their orange flag, and the Green men a green flag, and then murder sets in as an accompaniment to the emblems.

* The Speeches of Denis Caulfield Heron, Q.C., in the Cases of the Queen v. Pigott, the Queen v. Sullivan, &c.

We have noted particularly in reading these speeches the fact that the Fenian trials must have been very inefficiently reported during their progress. Mr. Heron brings them before us freshly and vividly, and, from his unusual literary acquirements, he has managed to impart to his defences an air of reading and scholarship which may preserve them for some time from the common fate of such effusions.

RECENT FRENCH LITERATURE.*

THIS Report, sufficiently described by its title, is divided into three heads, Fiction, Poetry, and the Drama; the different sections are taken by the different authors, in the order in which they stand in the title, M. de Sacy furnishing what he calls a preliminary discourse, which appears to us rather barren.

The first thing which strikes an Englishman, turning over the pages of this Report, is that Frenchmen cannot be correct in literary matters which are extra-national. This is an old topic, but nobody can explain the fact. Englishmen can spell correctly the names of French and German authors. True, you sometimes note such an error as *combat à l'outrance* (for *combat à outrance*), or Goëthe, for Goethe, in an English magazine or newspaper; but, considering the finish of French writing in general, and the fact that this Report is published under the superintendence of the Imperial Government, it is a little surprising to find the name Goethe persistently, and without exception, printed Goëthe. There are, as usual in French literature, droll mistakes about Englishmen. Thus, we are informed (p. 110) that "Thomas Hook, l'humouriste et le caricaturiste Anglais," wrote his own epitaph beforehand in the words, "Il fit la chanson de la chemise." The refrain of Edgar Allan Poe's "Raven" is quoted as, "Never, oh! never more!" Martin, the painter, is Martynn. Goldsmith "sut extraire toute la saveur de son adorable récit." "The Vicar of Wakefield" out of "Clarissa Harlowe." It is impossible to criticise this, for one cannot even guess what M. Paul Féval means by it. More contestable, because more intelligible, is the statement that, with the exception of Charles Dickens, all the English novelists have, in turn, drawn upon the same book. It would be nearer the truth to say that only a very few of the recent English novelists had ever read a line of Richardson. It is astonishing what odd remarks foreigners make about English books. Comte somewhere praises the keen moral vision of Byron. Goethe remarked that all cultivated people ought to take up Sterne's works again, in order that the nineteenth century might know how much it owed to him, and how much it might owe to him. An Englishman who thinks he heartily appreciates both Byron and Sterne is simply baffled by criticisms like these, evidently based as they are upon total misapprehensions. The most accomplished master of a foreign tongue loses much in reading works of imagination; but perhaps it is not solely English vanity, if we say that English writers of the same rank as those who are now in question really do not seem to get so far afield with the same amount of self-complacency.

It is not necessary to say that this review of recent French literature is full of neat, incisive writing, and that it abounds in felicities of illustration and expression. One of the happiest of the occasional touches is that which takes the reader into the poison-garden of Hawthorne's story of "Rappaccini's Daughter," to illustrate the comments upon Baudelaire and his "Fleurs du Mal." M. de Sainte-Beuve receives honour for initiating what M. Gautier calls the "rehabilitation of the sonnet" by the line—

"Ne ris pas des sonnets, ô critique moqueur!"

But M. de Sainte-Beuve was deliberately quoting Wordsworth. The following description of the muse of the song proper is too good to be either omitted or translated:—

"La chanson est une muse bonne fille qui permet la plaisanterie et laisse un peu chiffonner son fichu, pourvu que la main soit légère; elle trempe volontiers ses lèvres roses dans le verre du prête où pétillait l'écume d'argent du vin de Champagne. A un mot risqué elle répond par un franc éclat de rire qui montre ses dents blanches et ses gencives vermeilles. Mais sa gaieté n'a rien de malsain, et nos aïeux la faisaient paternellement asseoir sur leur genou."

In the report which relates to the drama, the notices of the genius and career of Rachel strike us as being very discriminating. What is said of Victor Hugo is slightly vague;

nobody could well miss his great points; but neither in England nor in France does he appear to have *minutely* watchful students. The one thing which most powerfully strikes the reader of this Report is, however, as might be expected, an unbroken glitter of intelligence, without any strong *morale* implied. Ethical considerations do not come to the front in a report upon the state of a nation's literature; but the heart of a nation is inevitably reflected in the literature of emotion—fiction, poetry, the drama; and the moral progress of a nation could be gathered from the same source. There is a kind of irony in the subdued counsel, given to authors in this Report, to be cautious in broaching ideas or sentiments which may have any sinister bearing upon public order. But, taken as a mere literary review, the Report is well worth reading, and full of matter.

ALDERSLEIGH.*

ALL things work together for the good of them that love the Church, uphold the Constitution, worship the Queen, hate Radicalism, loathe modern philosophy, and denounce trades' unions. That is about the creed of this book. After reading parts of it, one feels almost certain that God made the Tories, and that the devil made the Whigs—or at least the Radicals. It is the commendable ambition of the author to be strong and true: we must say that he succeeds frequently in being feeble and false. Mr. Riethmüller indulges in the weak habit of naming the persons of his story after their presumed virtues or vices. There is, for instance, the vicar of Aldersleigh, Dr. Goodenough, who is better than his name indicates. On the same principle of nomenclature, the coarse, vulgar, upstart merchant prince and ultra-Radical member of Parliament, Mr. Higgins, ought to have been called Mr. Badenough. His name, however, is bad enough as it is, and as it is doubtless meant to be. Then, a sharp lawyer is named Sharp; a strong-minded lawyer is named Strong; a "gigantic mill-owner" is called Bobbins; a crotchety man is called Crotchet; a soft-headed philanthropist is named Maudlin; a man who gives all his sympathies to foreign countries, so that he has none left for his own, bears the name of Cosmopolite; a follower of Auguste Comte is dubbed Professor Positive; a literary critic is dignified with the name of Prig; and a rough, good-natured labouring man, who turns out to be heir of Aldersleigh, is of course christened Jack Rough. Such a method of naming persons is the very trickery of art, which Mr. Riethmüller could bring to perfection by simply numbering instead of naming the characters of his next novel, in the same manner as New York numbers its streets. This would at least be an honestly confessed, not a patched, poverty of invention.

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* Rapport sur le Progrès des Lettres. Par MM. Sylvestre de Sacy, Paul Féval, Théophile Gautier, et Ed. Thierry. (Publication faite sous les auspices du Ministère de l'Instruction Publique. Recueil de Rapports sur les Progrès des Lettres et des Sciences en France.) Paris: Imprimé par l'Autorisation de son Exc. le Garde des Sceaux, à l'Imprimerie Impériale: Hachette et Cie.

* Aldersleigh. A Tale. By Christopher James Riethmüller, Author of "Tenton." London: Bell & Daldy.

But there is love for love, and the match, like all matches, was written in the book of fate from the foundation of the world. Then, our young captain is introduced to his old kinsman, and a natural liking is the result. After much cogitation, the squire resolves, to adopt the captain as his heir, and sends for Mr. Strong, the family lawyer, to have his will made accordingly, but leaves the execution of the deed till to-morrow morning. During the night, however, a dreadful tempest breaks over the land, in the midst of which the old squire's soul passes to where there is neither lawyers nor will-making. Just before the squire's death, an unexpected claimant to the estate appears in the person of coarse, vulgar-minded Mr. Higgins, member of Parliament, and as Mr. Vaughan dies intestate, the adventurer takes possession of Aldersleigh, his claim being apparently indisputable. Of course, however, his claim is *not* indisputable; as it turns out that, not Higgins, but Jack Rough, a labouring man, whose life Captain Vaughan is twice the means of saving, is the true heir. How these things come to be, the reader must find out for himself. But Jack Rough is no common man. Although altogether uneducated, he is quite in advance of his fellow-workers, and lectures them regarding strikes and trades' unions like a professor. But the one thing in his character which makes him the most remarkable person in the book, is surely a very rare virtue. It is easy to find a genial-minded, sweet-souled parson, like Dr. Goodenough, and it is not difficult to find a young fellow like Captain Vaughan, sensible and dutiful, and capable of quoting poetry without becoming a humbug; but how often will you find a peer or a peasant refusing to take an estate worth £60,000 of which he is heir-at-law? Yet this is the grand act of Jack Rough's life. Being aware that the late squire had intended to leave Aldersleigh to his American kinsman, Jack righteously refuses to touch the great possession, which ought, he asserts, to be owned by a gentleman who should do it honour, and rightly fulfil the duties involved in it. Captain Vaughan is that gentleman, whom Jack will only trouble so far as to take a thousand pounds for the transference of his legal right. But shall the captain be outdone in courtesy by a mere digger of the soil—a brickmaker? Not if he knows it. He, therefore, also refuses to touch Aldersleigh, and will only have it through the regular process of purchase. The want of money, however, bars the way, so that, in the mean time, the matter hangs; though not long, for your novelist who cannot split the globe to find a lost key, or the missing link of a chain, is unworthy his vocation. All, therefore, that the present romance has to do, is to make a negro, formerly a slave in the family of Captain Vaughan, bury a dead dog, and find a lost casket of jewels, the property of his former masters. Faithful Sambo crosses the big Atlantic, and deposits his glittering treasure in the hands of the Captain, who, by its means, very quickly finds sufficient cash to mollify, if not quite to satisfy, his chivalric conscience in the purchase of the home of his race. At length he is lord of Aldersleigh, and the story ends with the ruin of Mr. Higgins, merchant prince and Radical member of Parliament, and with the appropriate number of virtuous marriages.

The story is slight; the intellectual material of which it is built is slight; and, with sensible readers, its effect will be slight. But "Aldersleigh" might have been a pretty story enough, if the writer had not spoiled it by the introduction of objectionable matter in the form of sneer and caricature. Dr. Goodenough is an admirable figure, although not quite original; we have also rather a liking for Captain Vaughan, notwithstanding some of his unavoidably false views regarding his countrymen, the "Yankees," by whom his party in the rebellion were defeated; while Jack Rough seems to us to be the most original and striking character in the story, although he is all but impossible as a living fact. We admit, also, that some of the ladies are amiable creatures. But Higgins is a miscreation, a detestable caricature, and what, therefore, we are warranted in calling a falsehood in literary art. Mr. Riethmüller is evidently a keen Conservative in politics, a Churchman in religion; and it seems to us that he is so little of the artist as deliberately to employ Higgins and certain other characteristic illusions in his tale to throw discredit on the parties to whom he is opposed in political and religious policy. These features in his book, together with the recent date of its events, give it all the air and effect of a party pamphlet. Of course, it is quite allowable in an author to serve his party by using gall instead of honest ink; but a novelist who employs his pen in such a service is always in danger of attaining his specific end by damning the fruit of his own genius. Besides being impossible as a fact, the whole dinner-scene at the London house of Mr. Higgins, for instance, would be infinitely silly as a piece of work, even supposing it were clever as caricature, which it is not. Take a specimen

or two. Dinner is just over, and Mr. Higgins, the host, shouts to another member of Parliament at the further end of the board, "I tell you, Bobbins, we shall stand no nonsense from the Chancellor of the Exchequer. If he's to lead us Liberals, he must give us none of his Oxford airs. It's a good dog that barks when it's told; and if he's to be our dog, he must come to our whistle." "To be sure," said Bobbins, who is somewhat of a wag in his way, "Pitts and Peels were all very well in the dark ages, when the coachman had to drive the team. But now we are all in the train together, and only want a fellow just to keep the engine on the line." "That's it," cried Higgins, "I pay my cook a very high figure, and I hope you all like your dinner. But I don't let my cook dictate to me. And I pay the leader of my party with office, and patronage, and his quarter's salary. But then, he must do my work, and not attempt to be my master." This is caricature; but the author, stupidly assuming it to be literally true, adds the comment, "With much more to the same effect; all tending to show that genius, eloquence, and statesmanship, which were once supposed to sway the destinies of nations, are now merely useful tools for the benefit of the Higginses of faction." This might be supposed to apply to Mr. Gladstone; but perhaps the author feels that in the passing of the Reform Bill, the genius, eloquence, and statesmanship of Mr. Disraeli were merely tools in the hands of the Tory-compelling Liberals. Take another specimen of Mr. Riethmüller. "Mr. Crotchet dilated on his last new plan for pacifying Ireland, by taking away everybody's property and giving it to somebody else; Mr. Maudlin was eloquent on the abolition of the punishment of death, in every case except that of a colonial governor; and Mr. Cosmopolite showed the expediency of a general war, for the purpose of promoting the interests of universal peace." There are men in this country who are eager for the pacification of Ireland by dealing out to her some measure of essential justice; and these men our author represents by Mr. Crotchet, who is a fool. Other men among us are of opinion that capital punishments ought to be abolished except in unusually heinous cases; and the novelist represents these gentlemen by Mr. Maudlin, who is a fool like Crotchet. A great and respectable party in this country, supposed to be Christians, are eager to see war rendered an impossibility throughout the whole world; and the writer represents these men by Cosmopolite, who is the worst fool of the three. Crotchet, Maudlin, and Cosmopolite are undoubtedly fools; only it should be remembered that no such persons as these men exist in real life,—they are born in the imagination of Mr. Riethmüller, who is their creator and father. Then there is some talk about Positivism, of which Professor Positive, being himself an abortion, gives an insane exposition, which might be funny if the author did not mean it to be accepted as an accurate account of the system of Comte. With Mr. Strong, who is intended to be a thoroughgoing, strong-minded lawyer, but who is weak in the political upper story, the author has such an evident fellow-feeling in matters of opinion, that it would not be going far wrong to identify his own opinions with those of the lawyer. Strong is a Tory of the alarmist type. He says, for instance, that "all the old restraints are gone—all respect for social usages and proprieties, and the feelings of others—and every fool speaketh according to his folly. But that is the least part of the evil. There can be no doubt that opinions are abroad, subversive of every principle hitherto recognised in religion or morals, and directly tending to a great revolution in politics." The last touch shows Mr. Riethmüller to be a great political prophet after the fact. Mr. Strong further says: "I confess, Goodenough, when I think of this Church and State, and of all the glorious history that has made them what they are, I can scarcely speak with patience of the miserable vermin that are banded together to sap the foundations of them both." Then Mr. Strong pays a sort of compliment to Dr. Goodenough, who is a Whig, and takes another blow at the Positivists:—"But do me the justice to believe that I have never confounded the great historic party, to which you belong, with the motley rabble which now calls itself by the name of Liberal. And it seems to me impossible that one party should contain a man like you and a fellow like this apostle of Positivism—for instance, a fellow that would substitute the dreams of a crazy Frenchman, who came out of a lunatic asylum to impose a tissue of blasphemous rubbish on the world, for all our Christian, for all our English traditions. And he is but an extreme example of a wide-spread heresy, which finds its supporters in the press, the lecture-room, and in society, and which will soon make itself felt on the hustings and in Parliament." How admirably these wonderful words are suited to the present political situation! But the key to the whole of Strong's idiotic croaking is found in this sentence: "If a struggle must

come, let it be in defence of the Church and the Queen's crown." Exactly—as if the one depended on the other. Of course, it is Mr. Strong who speaks; but the author is responsible for Mr. Strong, and Mr. Riethmüller is an excellent hand at spoiling a simple story with political and ecclesiastical twaddle. The Conservative party will doubtless admire "Aldersleigh," as they are in duty bound to do; but we fear that the party of Posterity will never hear of it.

THE ADVENTURES OF A BRIC-A-BRAC HUNTER.*

THE gentlemen who shoot elephants and bring home tiger-skins for hearth-rugs are not the only ones who are entitled to relate their perilous adventures. We conceive that Major Hall need have appended no apology for his pursuit. We can fully sympathize with him as he sits in his domestic curiosity shop and looks around on the peculiar triumphs of his chase. Lamb records the delight of a book purchaser when he drives a good bargain, and carries the musty folio in his arms to add it to that collection which serves to bring into his empty room at bidding a poet, a philosopher, or a garrulous essayist of the antique school. The collector of Bric-a-Brac finds a pleasure in his cups, unknown even to those who may have drunk a stronger beverage than tea from them. He realizes more fancies from their patterns than any old maid who seeks her fortune from the form taken by the infused leaves when the vessel, with a view to an incantation, is waved three or four times in the air. His crockery has a poetical aspect, and is not a creature of mere clay—of porcelain. He does not, or at least he ought not, to dabble in anything earlier than what may be termed the China period. It is not for him to delve for Roman ware, or to disinter the rudely-baked saucers of ancient Britons. His work is more dainty, and its results more elegant. It is his agreeable task to add to our good opinion of the race, instead of detracting from it; for, putting the classical models out of the question, we can have but a poor notion of the people who were content with hollow clinkers or cow horns for drinking purposes. Major Hall enters into a disquisition as to the origin of the taste for Bric-a-Brac. He appears to attribute it to accident. A gentleman is left a legacy of a few valuable pieces of ware, and he is straightway inspired to go on and fill up or supplement the set. The appetite grows with what it feeds upon until at last it becomes a passion. Well, we have no occasion to quarrel with it, at least in this instance, where it has been the cause of his writing, and of our reading, a very agreeable and interesting little book.

Bric-a-Brac hunting can only be enjoyed by the comparatively wealthy. Of course a good deal depends upon the sort of game with which you are satisfied. But the ammunition for bagging it is in every division more or less expensive. Great people, such as the Duke of Brunswick for instance, go in for diamonds, and his grace not only used to buy but to sell those precious stones. Major Hall records with becoming pride how the kings of the earth have been almost universally collectors of Bric-a-Brac. The Celestials have placed amongst their deities the inventor of the egg-shell china. To the Duke of Urbino we owe majolica ware. Palissy was patronized by Catherine de Medicis. Mr. Carlyle's Frederick was almost as much addicted to cups and saucers as to soldiers and drilling. Catherine of Russia found time to develop the graceful manufacture of ceramic ware. Charles III.—"whose memory be honoured for this single act—founded the unrivalled manufacture of Capo de Monte and Buen Retiro," and William, Duke of Cumberland, supported the factory of Chelsea, of which we were once so proud. Major Hall further informs us of the excitement which attends the pursuit of Bric-a-Brac. He himself knew a bishop who was laid up with a severe attack of bile "because he had failed to secure a group bearing the monogram of Carlo Theodore." Nor is such a sensibility confined to the Church. Major Hall was further acquainted with a sportsman who confessed that he enjoyed securing a Sèvres cup as keenly as he did the brush of a fox after a hard run. Admirals have been known to succumb to the fascinations of Bric-a-Brac, and in the families of Nelson and Byng are retained valuable relics of the exertions in this direction of those famous men.

A Bric-a-Brac hunter must be born, not made, otherwise our author informs us, as we can easily understand, he will be all his life a mere child in the hands of the dealers. Imitations are prevalent, and sometimes defy the most experienced collectors. Besides, a piece of Bric-a-Brac ought to have a genuine artistic value. "A Sèvres cup may be a Sèvres cup

and worthless, save that it is Sèvres. There is Wedgwood and Wedgwood. Between two Dresden groups there may be all the difference of the highest and the lowest art." We heartily commend these sensible statements, which, however, we do not think are so universally shared by Major Hall's brethren. No amount of age or cleverness, for instance, can reconcile us to a fruit dish covered with raised pictures of frogs, snails, and lizards. Nor could we ever find a pleasure in those monsters which were once such favourites in my lady's chamber. Such things are done in violation of good taste and good art. But Major Hall does not patronize them. His æsthetic proclivities are duly cultivated. Does he not quote Schlegel and extract for us as a heading to a chapter, "There is no more potent antidote to low sensuality than the adoration of the Beautiful"? Perhaps if there were improvements made in the present crude designs of the ale-pots used by our labouring classes so many of them would not be fined for drunkenness and beating their wives, the forms of luxurious sensuality provoked by our climate amongst those people. Certain it is that the art of design is a genuine and forcible agent for civilization. The old Manchester cottons and the willow-pattern plates were enough to demoralize the instincts for ornament amongst our countrymen and countrywomen. Mr. Ruskin goes so far as to say that he has seen iron railings suggestive, or rather provocative, of murder, but this is probably pushing the notion to an extreme. The use of the Bric-a-Brac hunter ought to be to preserve a sound feeling and taste for practical ornament and design. We do not regret the money spent by Mr. Henry Cole in what he termed the democratic jewellery at the Paris Exhibition. When we go to the South Kensington Museum (one of the noblest collections of Bric-a-Brac in the world) and look into the cases containing the brooches and necklaces worn by the peasantry of Italy, we almost despair of educating our peasants in this direction to an approach to the same standard. We contrast them with the hideous Arcade and Birmingham abominations stuck tastelessly on the red hands and garish shawls of our domestics and agricultural women, and the comparison shows an almost hopeless chasm between our people and those of the Continent in this respect. We might, by the way, suggest to Major Hall that an essay on those cases would be useful, and probably widely read. Mr. Cole seems to think all is done when he has bought them, and set them up for show, but there might be an effort made to give a publicity to the designs and patterns, otherwise they are comparatively useless.

We have left ourselves little space to write directly on Major Hall's book, but we have seldom read a work of the kind with more interest. It is interspersed with a great deal of useful information, and with many pleasant and well-told anecdotes. It makes us sincerely wish when laying it down that some of the young ladies and gentlemen who plague us through the season with novels would turn their industry in a direction as useful as Bric-a-Brac hunting; but that, we suppose, is too much to expect,—hunting for and writing about Bric-a-Brac necessarily involving a good deal of taste and judgment.

OUT OF THE MESHES.*

THIS is a remarkably clever book—bright, sparkling, vivacious. It is not a novel; but it is much more readable than three-fifths of ordinary novels. It is a series of descriptions of life in India—a well-worn theme, which the experienced novel-reader generally avoids—connected by a thin thread of story. There is a sort of plot, of a slight kind; and here and there the story becomes prominent, while the close of it is very touching and simple. But the chief virtue of "Out of the Meshes" is that it gives a fresh and vigorous picture of the life and habits of the English residents in India—a picture which never wants gleams of humour and wit, and even of pathos, to render it interesting. India has been so often drawn upon by novel-writers for scenes and characters that we have almost got to believe that no further good can come out of it; but the author of "Out of the Meshes" has managed, by his powers of sensitive and accurate observation, and his general cheerfulness of vision, to produce a very clever and pleasant book from the old materials. Nor are his general observations on things Indian less remarkable for their honesty and common sense. Here are a few sentences concerning the Sepoy which may temper the not unnatural prejudice with which Englishmen regard that peculiarly-constructed native:—

"Treachery, cowardice, and the gallows had so much to do with poor Jack Sepoy's inglorious end, that it is scarcely possible to draw

* The Adventures of a Bric-a-Brac Hunter. By Major Byng Hall, Author of "The Queen's Messenger." London: Tinsley Brothers.

* Out of the Meshes. A Story. Three vols. London: Tinsley Brothers.

him fairly just now; and yet he held India for a hundred years, taking his share in every victory, from Plassey to the defence of Lucknow. Many of his detractors are scarcely aware that he crossed bayonets with the French, pierced the Nepaul hills under Ochterlony when three British columns were beaten back, opened his ranks to let through the fugitives of two British regiments at Bhurtpoor, and then went himself into the breach. He has been marched out to overawe mutinous English soldiers, and even in one day of shame to prevent them from running away. These remarks are of course not written to insinuate that Jack Sepoy is equal to that matchless musketeer, Private John Bull; but to show that Jack Sepoy when well led has sometimes fought as well as John Bull, and John Bull when badly led has sometimes fought as badly as Jack Sepoy. Under Hodson, Read, and Jock Aitken, we saw what the Sepoy (*Spahi*, black-faced soldier) could do even in the mutiny year; and we know what he was under men like Ochterlony, Littler, and Nott; brave, patient, enduring, serviceable, when well handled, winning victories unaided when the numbers were quite as disproportionate and the foe as formidable as the Beloochees at Meanee; a rapid marcher, a good skirmisher, a good gunner, a matchless light-horseman, rising to the heroic at times—as when the Bengal Grenadiers in Clive's days, under sentence of death for mutiny, haughtily demanded to be blown first from the guns; or when the Sepoys of the treason party in the confines of Oude, being surrounded by Dacoits, refused quarter, and elected to die along with their English officers."

We need not enter here into any analysis of the story of "Out of the Meshes," nor yet of the characters introduced into the drama. It may be said, however, that Sophy Brabazon is a new and natural and striking young lady, the like of whom we do not remember to have seen in any modern novel. Indeed, she is full of the inconsistencies which we never meet with in novels, but which we do meet with in real life. Her passing infatuation for rank and money, her self-consciousness as regards this weakness, her genius for flirtation, her capacity for strong, unselfish love, in short, the general weaknesses and beauties of her bizarre, angular, and charming mental structure, are very delicately and gracefully indicated. There is, however, what seems to us an incomprehensible blunder in this delineation. After the noble character of the man who loves her, and whom she has distrusted, is revealed to her, her love for him and her self-abasement are represented as being so strong that, to punish herself, she resolves to marry a man whom she despises. Now every one has the right to inflict what torture he pleases upon himself, if he likes to do so; but that a girl, to make an absurd atonement for a wrong which she unwittingly committed, should quietly resolve to do the greatest injury in her power, not only to herself, but to the man who loves her, and to another man who wants to marry her, is absurd. Perhaps the most natural trait in Sophy Brabazon's character is that she is not averse to marrying any one, so long as she has no more important business in hand. She is on the point of marrying Mr. Palmer Brown, when the guns of the insurrection startle that gentleman into flight; then she makes friends with Captain Ashleigh, whom she loves, and who loves her, only in time to see him die; then, finally, she marries Ensign Simpkin, who has not ceased to persecute her for years with a flow of exceedingly clever "chaff," which resembles in a marked degree the style of the author of the story. The character of Mrs. Liversege is drawn with great power; Major Belper is a capital study; and Captain Ashleigh, if he has the supernatural knack of being ubiquitous and always doing wonderful things, only acquits himself as the hero of a novel should. There are some passages towards the end of the story which are very pathetic; and altogether "Out of the Meshes" may be commended as being a clever and amusing book.

THE MAGAZINES.

Two important authorities have pronounced a judgment upon George Eliot's "Spanish Gypsy," and their verdicts are diametrically opposed. It will be remembered that attention was called at the time of the publication of the book to the singular unanimity of opinion among the reviewers, who generally may be said to have considered the work as one of great power, ingenuity, and artistic merit, but as wanting that peculiar glamour which distinguishes a true and spontaneous outburst of poetry. *Fraser*, in the person of "Shirley," adopts some such view of the case; while the *British Quarterly* maintains that "The Spanish Gypsy" is a work of undoubted, and, in some respects, unapproachable poetic genius, and, further, demands proof of the statement that the poem is rhetorical. We elect to stand by the judgment of *Fraser*, which is substantially that put forward in these columns on the publication of "The Spanish Gypsy." As for the charge of rhetoric, that cannot be settled by proof or argument. It is a question of feeling. Most of Lord Lytton's metrical writing is of that kind which is poetry to some, and mere verbose, rhetorical commonplace to others. Nor need it be said, because the test of poetry must more or less be one of personal feeling, that there is no authority in this or that individual critic. When a reviewer has assured himself of his poetic sympathy with poets of

marked divergence in groove and manner, he may at least presume on the possible validity of his appreciation of a new work. And the common cause made by most critics—and, we may add, by as much of the public as we are acquainted with—indicates the position of "The Spanish Gypsy" so far as contemporary judgment may. "Shirley's" remarks are very pertinent and conclusive. The other articles in this month's *Fraser* have, as usual, a certain special character which always commends them. There is a paper entitled "News from Sirius," which is, in the proper sense of the word, scientific, and altogether to be distinguished from some "scientific" articles which disfigure this month's magazines.

A writer in *St. Pauls Magazine* comes to the conclusion that we may fairly assume the planets to be "not untenanted by living creatures." We might as well assume that they are stuffed with Christmas annuals. In conjunction with this subject, it may be mentioned that a periodical called the *Truthseeker* publishes this month an article inquiring "In which of the stars of heaven has God placed his hell?" Are these supposed to be scientific articles? Their statements or conjectures cannot admit of the least verification; and as the whole case is a hypothesis, it would be much more interesting if our speculators would assume, and reason upon the assumption, that the poet-laureate of the principal monarch in Jupiter has for his initials "M. F. T." For the rest, *St. Pauls* of this month is a fair average number.

Mr. R. H. Patterson, in *Belgravia*, also takes up the question of a plurality of inhabited worlds, but comes to no conclusion in particular. The October *Belgravia* is varied and interesting, and has at least one powerful and striking drawing, by Mr. Thomas Grey, which seems to have been rather harshly dealt with by the block-cutter. The verses entitled "Cavalier-hunting" are bright and spirited. In a short and cleverly-written paper on "Playing at Pleasure," Mr. Sawyer discusses the vacuity of most social amusements, as pointed out by the eagerness with which croquet-players fling down their mallets when the dinner-bell is rung. If Mr. Sawyer has not seen both dressing-bell and dinner-bell disregarded, an ignominious rush made to the drawing-room when the decorous pairs are already coming out, and a flushed and hasty smoothing of hair and lace at the dinner-table, all occasioned by the interest of that most interesting of outdoor games, croquet, it is clear he has never been among real croquet-players.

We like the *Contemporary Review* when it is least the *Contemporary Review*. As a class magazine, it is undoubtedly fearless, broad, and fairly unprejudiced; but the best articles it exhibits are those which might with equal propriety have been published in any other magazine. Its present list contains—"The Church of the Future," by the Dean of Canterbury; "National Portraits," "Preachers and Preaching," "A French Criticism of our Public Schools," "Jeremy Taylor," and the "Food Supply of London."

The *Cornhill* has some pleasant autumn papers accompanying its stock of fiction; and there is a graceful notice of "Jacob Omnium." The blunder of the number is a paper on "Finality," which reaches the extreme of humiliating commonplace. It contains precisely that washy, pseudo-philosophical twaddle which many people mistake for profound theological and moral speculation. Those who may think it worth the trouble will find, at page 479 of the magazine, some indications of what we mean; and they may also regard, at page 482, the impartial and philosophical spirit in which the whole aim and purport of Comteism is dismissed in a dozen lines.

Temple Bar has been very much improved of late; and has quite got rid of that "slangy" Cockneyish tone which was at one time its worst feature. The present number has, among other contributions, a pretty story, from the German of Heinrich Zschokke, translated by Miss Montgomery, a clever, chatty paper on "Practical Entomology," and an account of "Six Years in the Prisons of England," by one who seems to have written from painful personal experience. Ladies of fastidious taste used to be afraid of *Temple Bar*; they need not be so now.

Macmillan for October is very dull. There are some topics treated which ought to be of interest to politicians and political writers; but, if we do not mistake, these persons go to more certain and copious sources of information than a monthly magazine. There is scarcely a page—except it be the translation from Theocritus by Mr. Edwin Arnold—to which other readers are likely to turn.

In *Tinsley's Magazine*, Mr. Charles Mathews writes a series of smart, but not very striking verses, on "My Fellow-creatures." There is what may be called a review of Mr. Dallas's edition of "Clarissa;" and a clever and close analysis of Mr. Morris's poems which perhaps errs in leaning towards the school of verbal criticism. "All for Love," by "The Detrimental," smacks of *Temple Bar* as it used to be—that is to say, it is vulgar, knowing, and not very interesting.

There are one or two excellent woodcuts in *London Society* this month, which we are glad to observe, as the illustrations, generally speaking, are the weak point of our magazines. The contents of the number are so varied that something must interest each reader who turns to its bright and pleasant pages. If *London Society*, however, were only weighted with one or two of the very weighty articles of *Macmillan*, it might be improved; and an exchange would certainly improve *Macmillan*.

Of course, the principal attraction of the *St. James's Magazine* is Mrs. Riddell's "A Life's Assize," which is quite worthy of the author of "George Gaith." "Hirell" is prettily written and fresh in tone. The articles in the number are too short to be exhaustive of their respective subjects; but they are, on the whole, cleverly written, and their topics are attractive.

In the *Broadway* of this month there is a continuation of Mr. James Hannay's "Studies on Thackeray," which promise to be, when completed, the most careful, appreciative, and accurate estimate of Thackeray yet given to us. "Idstone" contributes a sensible paper on pheasant-shooting; and Dr. Westland Marston a very graceful sonnet on "Love and Immortality."

The list of monthly magazines, however, is now so long as to prevent separate mention being given to each. Among others which appear on our table may be named the *Art Journal*, which has in the present number a very fine engraving of E. W. Cooke's "Venice—the Arrival," the *Argosy*, *Dublin University Magazine*, *Gentleman's Magazine*, *Cassell's Magazine*, *Cassell's Popular Educator*, the *London Student*, the *Lamp*, the *Mask*, the *Gardener's Magazine*, *Aunt Judy's Magazine*, the *Month*, *Good Words*, *Sunday at Home*, *Sunday Magazine*, *Leisure Hour*, *Quiver*, *Chambers' Journal*, *Eclectic Review*, *Evangelical Magazine*, *Overland Monthly*, *Edinburgh Medical Journal*, *Mission Life*, and *Golden Hours*.

SHORT NOTICES.

The Political Situation. By Joseph Guedalla, Vice-President of the Reform League. (Longmans.)

Mr. Guedalla has, in this pamphlet, reprinted an address delivered to a meeting of working men in August last. His review of the situation is in many parts temperate, thoughtful, and suggestive; in other parts we consider the tone of his references to the "insolent minority" as neither prudent nor wise. Perhaps the best section of the pamphlet is that which calls upon the Liberal party to organize its forces, and so get rid of that deplorable superfluity of candidates which is likely to have evil consequences at the approaching election. Direct and equal taxation, giving legal security to tenants, extension of education, and the organization of "a citizen army in preference to an army of mercenaries" are among the points which Mr. Guedalla mentions in his political programme.

A Handbook of Poetry, being a Clear and Easy Guide to the Art of Making English Verse. By J. E. Carpenter. (Sampson Low, Son, & Marston.)

If the art of making poetry can be taught, Mr. Carpenter will teach it. The present little handbook contains everything that can be desired by the aspirant to the honour of producing magazine-verse. But when he has carefully perused the author's essays on poetry, his list of examples, and his guides to rhythm and metre, the student will probably find that his mentor has quite failed to explain how the charming lyrics which bear Mr. Carpenter's name have been produced. Therein lies the secret, which no handbook is likely to divulge.

Recapitulatory Exercises in Arithmetic. By the Rev. A. Hiley. (Longmans.)

These exercises have been arranged specially for the use of candidates for the Oxford and Cambridge Local Examinations. The Rev. Mr. Hiley, a practical teacher, has embodied in his work nearly every question which has appeared in the Local Examination papers, and furnished the answers in an appendix. Such a work will be of value to a candidate as a test of his ability to work the arithmetical problems he is likely to have given to him to solve in his examination; but when it is used simply as a means of cramming the pupil, it becomes pernicious. We notice Mr. Hiley has carefully arranged the questions under the rules to which they respectively belong, and in his preface he very properly assigns the exact place his work should occupy—viz., as a test of the real knowledge of the pupil or class after they have gone through any rule in arithmetic. The exercises embrace all the principal rules, from Notation to Fellowship and Stocks, including Fractions and Decimals.

Egmont, ein Schauspiel von Göthe. Annotated by E. A. Oppen. (Longmans.)

This tiny volume is another instalment of Mr. Oppen's valuable series of German classics. The careful manner in which Goethe's celebrated play is annotated, the general clearness of the type, and the intelligent and careful introduction which prefaces the book, render the present edition of "Egmont" a useful one for schools or for the private use of students.

We have also received:—Nos. 1, 2, 3, and 4 of *A New Method of Learning French at Sight*, by Count C. A. De G. Liancourt, M.A. (16a, Tokenhouse-yard);—*A Letter to the Right Hon. Lord Dufferin and Olandeboys on the subject of the Irish Branch of the United Church, by a Clergyman* (Rivingtons);—*Measure for Measure: Mr. Murphy, a Lecturer on behalf of the Electoral Protestant Union Society, and Mr. Bright, a Preacher of political righteousness, regarded relatively in connection with the time-honoured adage, "What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander"* (Tinling);—*The British Army in 1868*, by Sir Charles E. Trevelyan, K.C.B., third edition (Longmans);—*The Irish Difficulty: a Letter to the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P.*, by Christopher Nevile (Miall);—*A Statistical Examination of the Decrease of*

Drunkards in the United Kingdom, by Joseph A. Horner (Nichols);—*Parliamentary Politics Criticised, &c.*, by John Frearson, M.E. (Farrah);—*The Wesleyan Methodists and the Established Church*, by W. W. Pocock (Stock);—Part XXXVIII. of *Johnson's Dictionary*, by Dr. R. G. Latham (Longmans);—*Christ is Coming* (Heywood & Son);—No. II. of the *Journal of the East India Association* (Clowes & Sons);—*The Presentation of Christ in the Temple, a Sermon* by Thomas Williamson Peile, D.D. (Rivingtons);—*One Bread, one Body*, by Dr. Peile (Rivingtons);—Part X. *Bible Animals*, by the Rev. J. G. Wood (Longmans);—*Chronicles of St. Mary's*, by S. D. N. (Masters);—*Ecce Spiritus Opus* (Longmans);—*The Old Florist*, by Charles Hetherington (Whittaker);—and *The Victoria Magazine*, Vol. XI. (Faithfull).

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

- Adams (H. G.), *Our Feathered Families.—Birds of Prey.* New edit. Fcap., 2s. 6d.
 — (W. H. D.), *The Buried Cities of Campania.* Fcap., 2s. 6d.
 — (E.), *Rudiments of English Grammar, and Analysis.* Fcap., 2s.
 Aldersleigh: a Tale. By C. J. Riethmüller. 2 vols. Cr. 8vo., 15s.
 Aunt Judy's Christmas Volume, 1868. Edited by Mrs. Gatty. Imp. 16mo., 5s.
 Beale (L. S.), *Kidney Diseases.* 3rd edit. 8vo., £1. 5s.
 Bidley the Maid of all Work, and Cockerill the Conjuror. 32mo., 1s. 6d.
 Blane (L.), *Letters on England, 1863-4.* Cr. 8vo., 7s. 6d.
 Blindpits: a Novel. 3 vols. Cr. 8vo., £1. 11s. 6d.
 Blunt (Rev. J. H.), *Key to the Knowledge and Use of the Bible.* Fcap., 3s. 6d.
 Braddon (Miss), *Run to Earth.* 3 vols. Cr. 8vo., £1. 11s. 6d.
 Brebant (Rev. T. C.), *On the Present State of Fruit Culture on the Continent.* 8vo., 1s.
 Brierley (B.), *Ab-o'-th'-Yate in London.* Fcap., 1s.
 Burke (Edmund), *Reflections on the French Revolution.* New edit. Cr. 8vo., 3s. 6d.
 Carterets (The); or, *Country Pleasures.* New edit. Fcap., 3s. 6d.
 Cassell's French Dictionary. New edit. 8vo., 7s. 6d.
 Castle (The) of Carlamont. By A. L. O. E. Cr. 8vo., 2s.
 Catlow (A. & M.), *The Children's Garden, and what they made of it.* New edit. 16mo., 2s.
 Chandos. By Ouida. New edit. Cr. 8vo., 5s.
 Children's Hour Annual (The). 3rd Series.
 Churchman's Daily Remembrancer (The) of Doctrine and Duty. New edit. Fcap., 6s.
 Cook (Dutton), *Over Head and Ears: a Love Story.* 3 vols. Cr. 8vo., £1. 4s.
 Cricket: *Reminiscences of the Old Players.* 4to., 3d.
 Crookes (W.) and Röhrig (E.), *Practical Treatise on Metallurgy.* Vol. I. 8vo., £1. 11s. 6d.
 De Pressensé's (E.), *The Mystery of Suffering, and other Discourses.* Cr. 8vo., 3s. 6d.
 De Waurin (J.), *Recueil des Croniques et Anchiennes Istiores de la Grant Bretagne.* Edited by W. Hardy. Royal 8vo., 10s.
 Dean's Young England Toy Books. Royal 4to., 1s. each.
 The Great Golden A. B. C.
 From Year's End to Year's End.
 Down among the Water Weeds, and the Sunbeam's Story. 32mo., 1s. 6d.
 Dunn (H.), *The Kingdom of God.* Cr. 8vo., 4s. 6d.
 Elliot (Right Hon. Hugh), *Memoir of.* By the Countess of Minto. Cr. 8vo., 12s.
 Famous Billiard-players. 4to., 3d.
 Fanny Lincoln; or, *The Mountain Daisy.* 18mo., 9d.
 Five Old Friends and a Young Prince. By the Author of "Story of Elizabeth." 8vo., 12s.
 Goddard (Julia), *The Search for the Goal.* Fcap., 3s. 6d.
 Good (Dean), *Rome's Tactics.* Cheap edit. 8vo., 8d.
 Guthrie (F.), *Elements of Heat and Non-metallic Chemistry.* Cr. 8vo., 7s.
 Harry Blake's Trouble. 18mo., 1s.
 Home for Christmas. By the Author of *The Chapel Window.* 18mo., 1s. 6d.
 Howat (J. T.), *Elijah, the Desert Prophet.* New edit. Fcap., 3s. 6d.
 Hughes (T.), *The Condition of Membership in the Christian Church.* Cr. 8vo., 3s. 6d.
 Hunter (W. W.), *Annals of Rural Bengal.* 2nd edit. 8vo., 18s.
 Idalia. By Ouida. New edit. Cr. 8vo., 5s.
 Johnston (R.), *Civil Service Spelling Book.* 18mo., 1s.
 Latin Verse: *Memorials of School Work and School Play.* Cr. 8vo., 2s. 6d.
 Les Faux Bonshommes: a Comedy. By T. Barriere and E. Capendu. Fcap., 4s.
 Lessons at Home; or, *Pleasure and Profit.* New edit. Fcap., 3s. 6d.
 Longfellow (H. W.), *New England Tragedies.* Fcap., 6s.
 Lyte (Rev. H. F.), *Miscellaneous Poems.* Fcap., 6s.
 Marryat (Florence), *Gerald Estcourt.* Cheap edit. Fcap., 2s.
 Marshall (E.), *Happy Days at Fernbank.* New edit. 18mo., 1s. 6d.
 Miller (Mrs. H.), *Cats and Dogs.* New edit. Cr. 8vo., 3s. 6d.
 Moncrieff (Lieut. C. C.), *Irrigation in Southern Europe.* 8vo., 30s.
 Mulock (Miss), *The Woman's Kingdom.* 3 vols. Cr. 8vo., £1. 11s. 6d.
 Newton (J.), *Autobiography and Narrative of.* By Rev. J. Bull. Cr. 8vo., 5s.
 Nightcaps: a Series of Juvenile Books. By Aunt Fanny. 6 vols. 18mo., 2s. each.
 Notley (E. A.), *Comparative Grammar of the French, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese Languages.* 8vo., 10s. 6d.
 Ollendorff's German Method. By H. W. Dulcken. New edit. 12mo., 5s. 6d.
 Page (Leigh), *Stars of Earth.* New edit. Cr. 8vo., 3s. 6d.
 Paul and Marie, and other Tales. Fcap., 2s. 6d.
 Percy Anecdotes (The). Berger's Edition. Vol. I. 12mo., 1s.
 Perry (G. G.), *Vox Ecclesie Anglicanæ; or, the Church, the Ministry, and the Sacraments.* Fcap., 6s.
 Philip and his Garden. By Charlotte Elizabeth. New edit. Fcap., 1s. 6d.
 Pindar's Odes. Translated, with Notes, by F. A. Paley. Cr. 8vo., 7s. 6d.
 Popular Science Review. Edited by H. Lawson. Vol. VII., 8vo., 12s.
 Pott's (W.), *System of Ventilation.* 8vo., 6d.
 Question (A) of Honour. By W. C. Monkhouse. 3 vols. Cr. 8vo., £1. 11s. 6d.
 Reade (C.), *It is Never Too Late to Mend.* New edit. Cr. 8vo., 5s.
 Richard Blake, and his Little Green Bible. 32mo., 1s.
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